

WILL CROOKS' RISE FROM WORKHOUSE TO PRIVY COUNCIL

# The Daily Mirror

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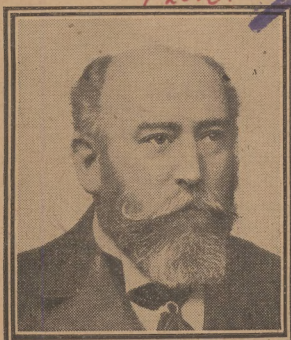
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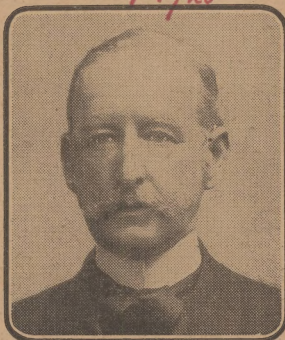
NEW YEAR HONOURS: BARONY FOR LORD CHARLES BERESFORD  
AND PRIVY COUNCILLORSHIPS FOR TWO LABOUR M.P.s.



Mr. A. A. Booth, chairman of the Cunard Company, new baronet. —(Lafayette.)



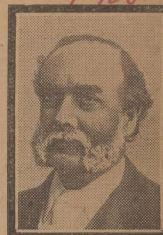
Mr. Richard Burbidge, managing director of Harrod's, new baronet. Has rendered great services during the war.



Sir Frederick Banbury, Bart, M.P., new Privy Councillor, famous as an obstructionist in the old party days.



Mr. Hedley Francis le Bas, a new knight, who directed the advertising for the War Office.



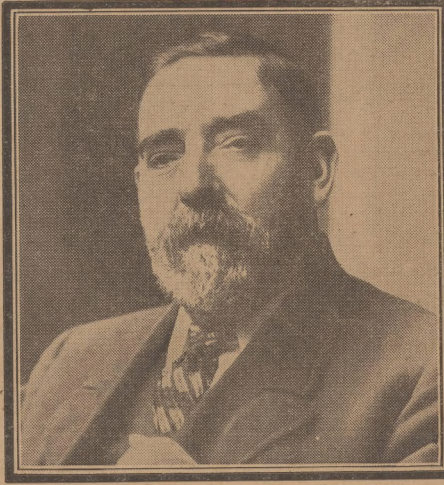
Mr. A. F. Yarrow, head of the firm of famous naval shipbuilders (new baronet).



Earl Curzon of Kedleston, a new Knight of the Garter.



Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, M.P., one of the new barons.—(Heath.)



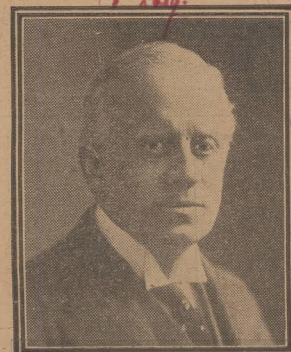
Mr. Will Crooks, the well-known Labour M.P., a new P.C.—(Lafayette.)



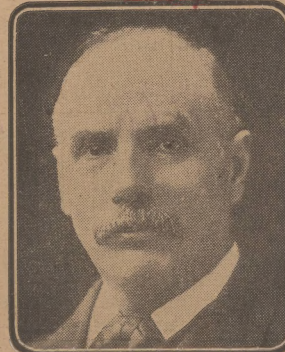
Vice-Admiral Sir F. Doveton Sturdee, the victor of the Falkland Islands, a new baronet. (Elliott and Fry.)



The Duke of Devonshire, a new Knight of the Garter.



The Hon. Charles Russell, the solicitor (new baronet). Has figured professionally in many famous cases.



Mr. G. N. Barnes, the Labour member for Blackfriars, Glasgow. Has been made a Privy Councillor.



Mr. D. A. Thomas, the Welsh coal magnate, new baron. His Canadian munitions campaign was a great success.



Lord Mersey, who becomes a viscount. He is the well-known Judge.



Mrs. Will Crooks, who is deeply interested in the welfare of the poor among whom she lives at Poplar.



Lady Mersey, the wife of Lord Mersey, who becomes a viscountess.—(Swaine.)



# WILL CROOKS, THE WORKHOUSE BOY, BECOMES A PRIVY COUNCILLOR

## GENERAL ELECTION IN MINIATURE.

Three Vacancies that May Test Feeling on Compulsion.

### TWO LONG CABINETS.

(By Our Parliamentary Correspondent.)

A notable opportunity for politicians to test the feeling of the country on the question of compulsion now presents itself.

Three by-elections are rendered necessary by the peerages conferred upon Lord Charles Beresford, Sir Alexander Henderson and Captain Norton.

These constituencies are of three distinct types:—  
Portsmouth—A great naval dockyard centre (Lord Charles Beresford's seat).  
St. George's, Hanover-square—A fashionable London constituency (Sir Alexander Henderson's seat).  
West Newington—A working-class constituency (Captain Norton's seat).

The views of these electorates on this vital question would be extremely interesting.

The results of these elections would provide a valuable guide to the feeling of the country, and in all probability immensely strengthen the

The King's Honour for Woolwich Labour M.P. in the New Year's List—Barony for Lord Chas. Beresford.

## SIX NEW PEERS AND TWO GARTER KNIGHTS.

The New Year's Honours List, issued last night, contains many distinguished names.

The Garter, the highest order of chivalry, is bestowed upon Lord Curzon and the Duke of Devonshire.

Lord Mersey, the famous lawyer, who held the inquiries into the Titanic and Empress of Ireland disasters, receives a vacancy.

Perhaps the most interesting and certainly one of the most popular of the appointments is that of Mr. Will Crooks, who becomes a Privy Councillor.

Poplar, where Mr. Crooks was born, and where he fought so hard for a bare living as a boy, being for a time even in the workhouse, will be justly proud to-day of her "William Crooks, Esq., M.P.," who can now add "P.C." after his name.

The following is the full list of New Year honours:—

### GARTER KNIGHTS—2.

Earl Curzon of Kedleston.

Born 1859; Eton, Balliol, Oxford; private secretary to Lord Salisbury, 1883; Under-Secretary of State, India, 1891-92; Under-Secretary of State, Foreign Affairs; Viceroy of India, 1899-1905; Lord Privy Seal, 1915.

The Duke of Devonshire.  
Aged 47. Educated at Eton and Cambridge, was M.P. Derbyshire, W., 1891-1908. Is a Civil Lord of the Admiralty.

### VISCOUNT—1.

The Right Hon. Lord Mersey.  
Born 1840; M.P. Exchange Division of Liverpool, 1883-87; Barrister, 1879; Q.C. 1883; President Probate, Admiralty and Divorce Division of the High Court of Justice, 1909-10; raised to peerage, 1910.

### BARONS—6.

Admiral Lord Charles William de la Poer Beresford.

The famous admiral who commanded the Condor in the bombardment of Alexandria and received the well-known words of praise: "Well done, Condor!" Commanded the Channel Fleet 1907-9.

Sir Alexander Henderson, Bart., M.P.

M.P. for St. George's, Hanover-square, since 1913. He is chairman of the Great Central Railway. Sir Thomas George Shaughnessy, K.C.V.O., President of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

William Waldorf Astor, Esq.

Was born an American citizen in 1848, and was for some years in the United States Diplomatic Service. He was naturalised in this country in 1890. He is an author of merit.

Captain Cecil William Norton, M.P.

M.P. for West Newington. An ex-Assistant Postmaster-General and Junior Lord of the Treasury. Is known as the policeman's member owing to his work on behalf of the police.

David Alfred Thomas, Esq.

Is the millionaire coal-owner of the Cambrian Combine and other collieries in South Wales. Has recently been on war service for the Government in America.

### PRIVY COUNCILLORS—6.

Sir Frederick George Banbury, Bart., M.P.

Born 1850. M.P. City of London since 1906. Director Great Northern Railway and London and Provincial Bank.

Sir Daniel Ford Goddard, M.P.

Born 1850. Liberal member for Ipswich since 1905.

George Nicoll Barnes, Esq., M.P.

Born 1857. Labour member for the Blackfriars Division of Glasgow since 1906.

William Crooks, Esq., M.P.

The idol of Poplar and Labour M.P. for Woolwich. Son of a marine stoker, he was born at Poplar in 1852, and soon knew the direst poverty, an indelible memory of his childhood being a brief sojourn in Poplar workhouse, of which he rose to be guardian. At eleven he was working as milkman's boy at 6d. a week to help the family ladder. Next he became grocer's boy at 2s. a week, and at fourteen was apprenticed to a cooper.

Working at night, he educated himself, and at length became chairman of the Poplar Board of Guardians. He was appointed Government representative on the Metropolitan Asylums Board, and was elected M.P. in 1903.

Commander Frederick Leverton Harris, M.P. Unionist M.P. East Worcestershire, since 1914; member of Parliam. Commission.

Donald Maclean, Esq., M.P. Deputy-Chairman of Committees of the House of Commons. Represents Peebles and Selkirk.

### BARONETS—13.

The Right Hon. Ignatius John O'Brien, K.C.

Lord Chancellor of Ireland since 1913. Born 1857. The Right Hon. Sir W. E. Goschen.

He was British Ambassador in Berlin when war began.

The Hon. Charles Russell.

Well-known solicitor, son of the late Lord Russell of Killowen.

Vice-Admiral Sir Frederic C. D. Sturdee.

Commanded British squadron which sent Von Goeben's ships to the bottom in Falkland Islands battle.

Sir John Jardine, K.C.I.E., M.P.

Liberal M.P. for Roxburghshire. Was Judge of the High Court, Bombay, in 1885, and Acting Chief Justice in 1895. Born 1844.

Sir George Bulloah.

Born 1870. As member of the engineering firm of Howard John Bulloah has rendered conspicuous war services.

Sir Charles Johnston.

Lord Mayor of London in 1915.

Alfred Allen Booth, Esq.

Chairman of the Cunard Steamship Company and of the Anchor Line and director of the Booth Steamship Company. Born 1872.

Richard Burbridge, Esq.

Born 1847. Has been managing director of Harrod's Stores since 1890 and has rendered conspicuous services in connection with the war.

Samuel Ernest Palmer, Esq.

Is deputy-chairman of Great Western Railway and director of the well-known biscuit-making firm Huntley and Palmer.

Colonel John Rutherford, M.P.

Unionist M.P. for Darwen, Lancs., since 1895.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Webb, M.P.

An ex-Junior Lord of the Treasury. Member for Forest of Dean. Has raised and trained 13th Gloucesters.

Alfred Fernandez Yarrow, Esq.

Is head of the famous firm of naval shipbuilders.

### NEW KNIGHTS—28.

Frederic Gerall Barnes, Esq.

Chairman of Grayhulme Convalescent Home at Henley for the wounded, Ex-M.P. for Faversham.

Thomas Beecham, Esq.

The well-known musical conductor who has been for many years impresario to London. Son of Sir Joseph Beecham; born 1879.

George Andrews Berry, Esq., M.B., LL.D.

Arthur William Black, Esq., M.P.

John Boraston, Esq.

Frederic Samuel Augustus Bourne, Esq., C.M.G.

William Henry Bowater, Esq.

James Bruton, Esq.

Harcourt Everard Clare, Esq.

Francis Henry Dent, Esq.

Owen Morgan Edwards, Esq.

Dr. Lazarus Fletcher, F.R.S.

George Franklin, Esq.

John Howard, Esq.

Thomas John Hughes, Esq.

Robert Keith Inches, Esq.

Francis Edgar Kearney, Esq.

Horace Woodburn Kirby, Esq.

Hedley Francis La Be, Esq.

Daniel McCabe, Esq.

William Middlebrook, Esq., M.P.

Henry O'Shea, Esq.

Thomas Wright Parkinson, Esq., M.D.

Milson Rees, Esq., C.V.O., F.R.C.S.

Richard Atkinson Robinson, Esq.

Patrick Shortall, Esq.

The Very Rev. George Adam Smith, D.D., LL.D., Litt.D.

Robert Wallace, Esq., K.C.

### THE ORDER OF MERIT—1.

Henry James.

Born 1843. The famous author and stylist who has written many notable novels, including "The Golden Bowl." An American, he became naturalised a few months ago.

## FROM TRENCHES TO OUR HEARTS.

Lieutenant Asquith's Poem in "Sunday Pictorial."

### GREAT NEW YEAR NUMBER

To-morrow morning everybody will be talking about "young Asquith's poem."

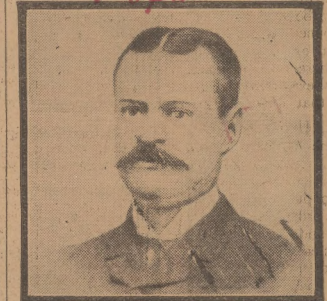
Those privileged few who have already read it are enthusiastic over its beauty and deep humanity. The poem is called, "New Year—1916," and it has been written especially for the Sunday Pictorial by Lieutenant Herbert Asquith, second son of the Prime Minister.

"It comes straight from the trenches—and it goes straight to the heart," is the criticism of one who read it yesterday evening. And that criticism could not be bettered.

Certainly, 1916 seems to have inspired the Sunday Pictorial with good resolutions, and if this journal maintains the high standard of to-morrow's New Year Number throughout the coming twelve months, it is impossible to conjecture what pinnacles the circulation may reach.

Next Sunday's issue is full of "plums." It contains, besides Lieutenant Asquith's poem, a wonderful article by Mr. Bottomley, entitled "Victory versus Votes"—which may be paraphrased as Patriotism versus Politics. Mr.

P. 643.



Mr. William Waldorf Astor, one of the new barons.

Austin Harrison's contribution, which deals with the way in which compulsion is going to win us the war, is as convincing as it is optimistic.

Another deeply-interesting article is Mr. Max Pemberton's "Should the Clergy Go?" an article written in Mr. Pemberton's most brilliant vein.

### SAVING TO BE POPULAR.

The interim report of the Committee on War Loans for the Small Investor issued last night states that the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Committee on War Loans for the Small Investor have held six meetings and made considerable progress towards the formulation of their recommendations, but are not yet in a position to make a detailed report.

In the meantime, however, they think that two steps might with advantage be taken forthwith without danger to prejudicing the further schemes which are under consideration.

1. They recommend that the existing restrictions which limit the amounts deposited by any one depositor in the Post Office and Trustee Savings Bank to £50 in any one year and £200 in all should be removed for the period of the war and six months thereafter.

2. They recommend that an immediate issue be made of Exchequer Bonds of the denominations of £5, £20, and £50 on the same terms as the existing issue of £100 bonds.

The small bonds should be on sale at all post offices.



Mr. S. Ernest Palmer, director of Huntley and Palmer and deputy chairman of the Great Western Railway, new baronet.—(Burnett.)

Government in the task of getting their Compulsory Bill to the statute book.

The outstanding fact which emerges from yesterday's critical Cabinet meetings is that no resignation is reported—yet.

The fact that Sir John Simon, the Home Secretary, was not in attendance was naturally regarded in political circles as somewhat significant, but the inference need not necessarily be drawn that Sir John has resigned.

There were two long Cabinet meetings during the day. The first lasted from half-past eleven till a quarter to two, the second from a quarter-past three till five o'clock.

It is understood that Ministers did not complete their consideration of the draft of the Compulsion Bill, and that a further meeting will be held probably on Monday.

The proposals contained in the measure are said to be:—

Compulsory attestation for all eligible bachelors between the ages of nineteen and forty.

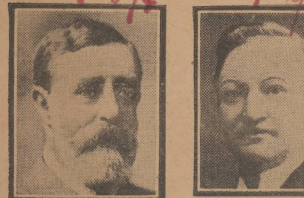
Attestation to be made within three or four weeks.

New recruits under the compulsory scheme to be given the privileges both of the Derby group system and the appeal machinery.

The operation of the measure to be restricted to the duration of the present war.

There will be no compulsory provisions for married men.

Arrangements have been made for the holding on January 6 of the great labour conference on the question of the Compulsory Bill at the Central Hall, Westminster. Over 3,000,000 workers will be represented. The conference will be in private.



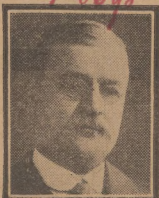
SIR W. E. GOSCHEN (new baronet).



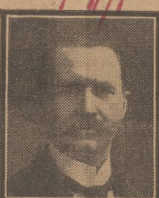
ALDERMAN BOWATER (new knight).



MR. FRANCIS DENT (new knight).



MR. DANIEL MCCABE (new knight).



CAPT. C. NORTON (new baron).



MR. R. K. INCHES (new knight).



MR. T. J. HUGHES (new knight).

VICTORY VERSUS VOTES: BY MR. BOTTOMLEY, IN TO-MORROW'S "SUNDAY PICTORIAL"



# BRITISH CRUISER NATAL BLOWN UP WHILE SHE WAS IN HARBOUR

**"Internal Explosion"—400 Saved; 300 Missing. SALONIKA COUP.**

**Much Damage to Ostend as Result of Allied Air Raid.**

## TURK LOSSES AT KUT.

### NEW YEAR'S HONOURS.

Exceptional interest will be taken throughout the country in the New Year's Honours.

There are no "surprises," but good work in the prosecution of the war has met with recognition. The high Order of the Garter, now purified of Huns, has been bestowed on the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Curzon.

Lord Beresford—a national idol—receives a Barony of the United Kingdom; while everybody will be glad to see that Mr. Will Crooks becomes a Privy Councillor.

### SUNK IN HARBOUR.

As in the case of the Bulwark, the loss in harbour of the armoured cruiser Natal, announced yesterday, is attributed to an internal explosion.

There are no definite details yet, but it is believed that 400 of the crew were saved and that about 800 are missing.

### OUR STRONG HAND.

The Allies have shown that they intend to be free from German espionage in Salonika.

To put an end to this, General Sarraill gave orders for the arrest of the enemy Consuls and their staffs in that city. All were arrested, removed to headquarters and thence transferred to an Allied warehouse. The enemy archives have been seized.

### AIR RAID ON OSTEND.

The Allies are still maintaining their aerial supremacy in the West.

The Germans admit heavy damage by an Allied air raid at Ostend—now an important hostile military base—while British and French communiqués report successful results achieved by their artillery.

## TURKS WANT ARMISTICE TO BURY DEAD.

**Enemy Wounded Lying in Large Numbers Before Kut.**

### (BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

The Secretary of State for India issued the following last night:—

General Townshend reports on December 29 that the village on the right bank of the Tigris, just opposite Kut, which is held by us as a detached post, had been subjected to heavy rifle fire on the two previous nights. There has been no other firing.

He also reports that the enemy had asked for four hours' armistice to bury the dead and remove wounded, who were lying in large numbers in front of the "Fort," which was attacked at Christmas.

Independent reports confirm the very heavy losses suffered by the Turks at Ctesiphon and during General Townshend's retreat and in the recent attacks on Kut.

Returns up to date show our total casualties during the Christmas fighting as seventy-one killed (including three officers), one missing and 309 wounded.

Reinforcements for the relieving columns are being steadily pushed up the line.

### (TURKISH OFFICIAL.)

Amsterdam, Dec. 31.—An official communiqué issued in Constantinople yesterday says:—

The Sennusis captured 130 English prisoners during the fighting at Matruh.

On the Dardanelles front a battleship and a torpedo-boat fired some shells during Wednesday on Anafarta and then retired.

### (FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Dec. 31.—An official statement issued to-night says:—

Dardanelles Expeditionary Corps.—On the 30th, in consequence of a violent bombardment by our heavy artillery, the Turkish batteries on the Asiatic coast appreciably reduced their fire.

Several enemy guns were damaged, and a munition depot was blown up.—Reuter.

## LOSS OF THE NATAL BY AN EXPLOSION.

**£1,218,000 Cruiser Sinks in Harbour—400 Survivors.**

The Secretary of the Admiralty made the following announcement yesterday:—

"His Majesty's ship Natal (Captain Eric P. Back, R.N.), armoured cruiser, sank yesterday afternoon while in harbour as the result of an internal explosion.

"About 400 survivors are reported, and their names are being communicated to the Press as soon as possible."

The Natal was built at Barrow and completed in September, 1905. She had an indicated horsepower of 23,592 and a speed of 23 1/3 knots.

Her complement was 704 officers and men. The length of the Natal was 493 ft. and her breadth 73 1/2 ft. She had a displacement of 13,660 tons.

The estimated cost of the cruiser, including the guns, was £1,218,244.

## 200 RUSSIAN GUNS ON A FRONT OF THREE MILES.

Messages from Czernowitz, received in Amsterdam, state that the Russian offensive on the Bessarabian frontier was terribly violent.

The Russians, says a Central News telegram, concentrated 200 guns and three divisions on a front of three miles.

The Russian artillery fire was so violent that within one hour 400 shells fell on one place.

PARIS, Dec. 31.—The Temps learns from its Geneva correspondent that a most violent battle has been raging on the Western Galicia front for the past few days.

The Russian Army attacked the Austro-Hungarian positions on several points, and succeeded in smashing their lines. The Austrians admitted yesterday in their official messages that east of Boukanoff several of their posts had to retreat in the face of considerable Russian forces.

Messages arriving to-day admit the defeat of the troops under General von Bothmer. The Austrian General Staff furthermore admits that the battles in Western Galicia are becoming more violent.—Exchange.

## LONG ROLL OF MEN WHO HAVE WON FAME.

A supplement to the London Gazette has just been issued. It runs to seventy-seven pages and consists entirely of a list of officers and men who have been recommended "for gallant and distinguished service in the field" by Sir John French.

Among the names given are the following:—General Headquarters' Staff, etc.—Lieutenant-General E. A. H. Alderson, C.B., Major-General Sir E. H. H. Allenby, K.C.B., Major-General the Earl of Cavan, C.B., M.C., Colonel Sir P. W. Chetwode, Bart., C.B., D.S.O., Second-Lieutenant Lord Dalmeny, Major-General R. G. Egerton, C.B., Lieutenant-Colonel Hon. J. F. Gathorne-Hardy, D.S.O., Major-General H. de la P. Gough, C.B., Major the Hon. J. F. Hopburn-Stuart-Frederick, D.S.O. (killed), Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. W. P. Hore Rothery (Master of Ruthven), C.M.G., D.S.O., Major-General Sir R. C. Maxwell, K.C.B., Lieutenant-General Sir H. O. Plumer, K.C.B.

It is noteworthy that the Headquarters list includes the name of Sir John French's successor, Sir Douglas Haig.



Mr. Donald Maclean, M.P., one of the new Privy Councillors.

## GERMANS EXPLODE FIVE MINES NEAR LOOS.

**Few Casualties Caused to British and Slight Damage.**

### (BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

The following telegraphic dispatch was received last night from General Headquarters in France:—

Dec. 31, 9.35 p.m.—The enemy has been active mining about the quarries north of Loos.

Last night five mines were exploded there, causing some few casualties and slight damage to our trenches.

No attack was made, and the damage is being repaired.

There has been artillery activity on both sides about Hulluch, Givenchy, Wytschaete and St. Julien, and an increase in the hostile shelling about Armentières.

Our heavy howitzers caused considerable damage at various points in the hostile line.

### (GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 31.—To-day's German official communiqué says:—

After the successful blowing up of an English advanced trench north-west of Hulluch we captured two machine guns, and some prisoners.

An enemy air attack on Ostend caused considerable damage to buildings in the town. Nineteen Belgian inhabitants were injured and one killed. No military damage was done.—Reuter.

## FIERCE ATTACK FAILS.

### (FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Dec. 31.—To-night's official statement says:—

In Belgium our batteries successfully bombarded the enemy first and second line trenches, as well as the railway near Boesinghe. In the region of Roye good shooting by our artillery seriously damaged an enemy war store at Verpilleries.

To the north of the Aisne we wrecked a German work to the west of Soupir. On the heights of the Meuse there was a successful cannonade against enemy shelters and blockhouses in the Bois des Chevaliers.

In the Vosges, after a violent artillery preparation, the enemy launched against one of our positions near the Hirsstein an infantry attack which was completely repulsed.—Reuter.

PARIS, Dec. 31.—The following was issued here this afternoon:—

In the Champagne the enemy attempted during the night to capture by grenade fighting a small listening post in the direction of Hill 193. The attack failed completely.

The night was relatively calm on the rest of the front.—Central News.

### KAISER'S GREAT WAR COUNCIL.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 31.—It is reported that the Kaiser has summoned a great War Council to be held in Berlin on his birthday, January 21, to be attended by the Crown Prince, Marshals von Hindenburg, von Mackensen and Liman von Sanders, Prince Rupprecht, the Duke of Wurttemberg and all the other leading generals. Similarly a Naval Council is to be held in Berlin on the same day. Count Zeppelin will attend the War Council as Air Generalissimo.—Exchange.

## FRENCH SUBMARINE SUNK OFF DURAZZO.

### (FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Dec. 31.—A communiqué from the Minister of Marine says:—

On the night of December 29, before the fight at Durazzo in which two Austrian destroyers were lost, the French submarine Monge was sunk by an enemy cruiser off Cattaro.

The prisoners taken from the Austrian destroyer Lika say that the larger portion of the crew of the Monge was saved.

A French submarine torpedoed and sank in the Adriatic a transport conveying war material.—Reuter.



Dr. T. W. Parkinson, the well-known London physician, a new knight.

## DRAMATIC ARRESTS AT SALONIKA.

**Four Enemy Consuls Sent on Board a Warship.**

## PROTEST BY GREECE.

After the German aeroplane attack on Salonika, which was regarded as an act of belligerency, says a Salonika message, General Sarraill gave orders for the arrest of the enemy consuls in the city, together with the whole of their staffs—Turkish, Bulgarian, Austrian and German. The arrests took place at 4 p.m.

British and French troops surrounded the Consulates, arrested everybody therein, including the servants, and also seized the archives. The arrested persons were taken to General Headquarters, and an hour later sent on board a warship.

ATHENS, Dec. 31.—Greece has protested against the arrest of the Consuls of the Central Powers at Salonika, declaring it to be a violation of her sovereign rights.—Reuter.

ATHENS, Dec. 31.—The Central Powers and Bulgaria and Turkey made collective demarche to-day with regard to the arrest of their Consuls in Salonika.

M. Skouloudis, the Premier, said that the Government had already lodged a protest with the Cabinets in London and Paris.—Reuter.

## GREEK CAMP BOMBED.

### (FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Dec. 31.—To-night's French communiqué says:—

Some Aviatiks dropped bombs on Salonika on the 30th. One of these bombs fell on a Greek detachment which was carrying out manoeuvres in the presence of Prince Andrew. A shepherd was killed fifty yards away. The material losses were insignificant.—Reuter.

SALONIKA, Dec. 30.—A fourth Taube flew over Salonika at midday, but was driven off by gunfire.

This air raid constitutes the first overt act of the enemy since December 12, when the Allies crossed the frontier.

In this morning's raid bombs were dropped on the British lines and encampments, but no damage was done.

The Greek camp just outside the town was also apparently mistaken for an Allies' encampment, as a bomb was dropped there, and landing near the Divisional General Zimbrakakis.

It is believed that at least two of the machines were hit, and one is reported to have been damaged.—Reuter.

## THE KING'S MESSAGE TO OUR GALLANT ALLY.

The following telegram has been sent by the King to the President of the French Republic: Jan. 1, 1916.—At the commencement of a new year I desire, M. le Président, to convey to you my warmest wishes for your welfare, and to express my earnest hope that you will enjoy the health and strength necessary to enable you to fulfil your exalted duties.

Our two countries are united, in common with our Allies, in the prosecution of a great cause, and it is a source of unflinching gratification to me that the two peoples are bound together by ties which the heroism and sacrifices of our gallant soldiers and sailors have rendered indissoluble.

I beg you, M. le Président, to accept, on behalf of myself and of my Empire, the most cordial greetings to the great nation over which you preside, and the expression of my deep admiration for the splendid qualities of the land and sea forces of France, which have been in this war of such inestimable value, and which offer a sure guarantee of ultimate victory.—George R.

The King has appointed his Imperial Majesty Nicholas II., Emperor of Russia, K.G., Colonel-in-Chief, 2nd Dragons (Royal Scots Greys), Hon. Admiral of the Fleet, to be Field-Marshal in the Army.

## V.C. FOR NAVAL AIRMAN.

The King, says last night's Gazette, has approved of the grant of the Victoria Cross to Squadron Commander Richard Bell Davies, D.S.O., R.N., and of the Distinguished Service Cross to Flight Sub-Lieutenant G. Forby Smylie, R.N., in recognition of their behaviour in the following circumstances:—

In an air attack on Ferrijik Junction, Flight Sub-Lieutenant Smylie's machine was brought down. Planning down over the station, he released his bombs and, on alighting in a marsh, set fire to his machine.

Seeing Squadron Commander Davies descending, and fearing that he would come down near the burning machine, Flight Sub-Lieutenant Smylie exploded the bomb remaining in it by means of a pistol bullet.

Squadron Commander Davies took up Sub-Lieutenant Smylie, in spite of the near approach of a party of the enemy, and returned to the aerodrome.



## FIRST TEETOTAL NEW YEAR.

Cheerful Optimism of Watchers for Coming of 1916.

### SILENCE OF BIG BEN.

The first teetotal New Year that London has probably ever known was ushered in with appropriate solemnity on the first stroke of twelve midnight.

Even the bells of London shared in the prevailing gloom. They gave forth a mournful, muffled sound, and Big Ben, who is apt to summon the more festive of London's citizens to scenes of revelry, remained obstinately silent.

The health of 1916 was drunk in dry ginger ale or lemonade or cocoa, according to the taste of the drinker, but the whiskies-and-soda, the brandies, the ports, and the champagnes that made glad the hearts of merry-makers in the days before the war were nowhere to be seen.

It is true that in certain restaurants a non-alcoholic punch had been prepared for the delectation of diners, but this strange compound was, for the most part, sipped without enthusiasm.

Still, people contrived to enjoy themselves. The West End hotels and cafés were crowded, and a spirit of good-humour and of cheerful optimism was everywhere apparent.

At the Carlton the principal attraction was Tarponier, the bandmaster. He has been "somewhere in France," fighting for the land of his birth.

Twice he has been wounded. But he is now in London on a short leave, and last night he conducted his old orchestra and played a selection of violin solos.

The Trocadero, the Cecil, the Savoy and the Piccadilly were thronged with diners and dancers.

Outside St. Paul's a considerable crowd—in which the Scottish element appeared to predominate—had assembled long before the hour of midnight.

The watch-night services in the various chapels were well attended. At St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey no evening services were held, but those in the afternoon attracted large and reverent congregations.

## HEROINES ON THE LAND.

Roll of Honour for Women Farm Workers Suggested by Lord Selborne.

In a pithy speech on woman and the land at the Westminster Guildhall yesterday afternoon, Lord Selborne suggested that women who were prepared to help, or were already helping on the land, should be identified by a distinctive badge.

There should, if possible, be a woman's roll of honour, in the same way as our soldier heroes were distinguished.

It was his personal belief that if farmers would adopt the services of women agriculturists would emerge triumphantly from the present crisis.

Much had already been accomplished, but he would be deceiving his hearers if he hesitated to observe that they were now only at the beginning.

What had been done was nothing to what ought to be done.

He advocated a canvass of women by the War Agricultural Committees in the same way as the men had been canvassed to enlist.

The men, said Lord Selborne, had come forward simply because their imaginations had been touched, and there was no reason why the response of the women should not be equally successful.

## FETCH YOUR BREAD?

New Problem That London Housewife May Have to Face in Near Future.

A new problem is likely to face the London housewife in the near future—that of having to fetch the household bread instead of taking it at the door from the baker's roundsman.

"There is a serious shortage of labour owing to the fact that roundsmen are not starred," explained Mr. P. C. Finch, secretary of the Master Bakers' Protection Society, in an interview yesterday, "and although the proposition that house-to-house deliveries should cease has been under consideration for some time, no decision on the point has yet been arrived at. "It is a possibility, however, that will have to be faced some time."

Mr. Isidore Salmon, a director of Messrs. Joseph Lyons and Co., Ltd., said that he did not anticipate that the firm would have the slightest difficulty in regard to the delivery of bread from house to house.

"Practically all our men have attested under Lord Derby's scheme, and their places are being taken by women."

The various local associations of London Master Bakers have under consideration a letter from Mr. A. W. Last, the secretary of the National Association of Master Bakers.

In the letter he says that the Parliamentary Committee of the National Association have reason to believe that not only will the authorities discourage all forms of employment of men on delivery work, but certain government departments have actually discussed the question of the prohibition of delivery.

## UNLUCKY SEAMEN.

Escaped from Shipwreck Only To Be Put Into French Gaol.

### ARRESTED IN ERROR.

The story of how the crew of the Newport vessel Lady Iveagh were shipwrecked on Christmas Eve and had to spend two days in a French prison on prison rations, was told to the *South Wales Argus* on Thursday.

Fireman Mahais said his ship left Penarth on December 20 for Calais and, encountering a storm, ran ashore near Boulogne early on Friday morning.

Rockets were fired and at daylight a little coasting vessel, the Cecil, came and tried to tow them off, but herself ran aground and began to break up, all her crew, except the engineer, jumping on board the Lady Iveagh.

They managed to get ashore in their boats and made for Boulogne, where they arrived on Saturday night.

But on Sunday morning, when they informed the Admiralty authorities what had happened, they were arrested, and put in prison until Tuesday. The Consul told them they had been arrested because it was believed, they had deserted their ship.

A thrilling story of the experiences of the crew of the Wilson liner *Coleman*, which was sunk in the Mediterranean, was related at Hull yesterday.

The crew took to the boats. The mate's boat was picked up by a steamer a few hours later, but the captain's party were drifting about for

## Intercession Day.

In every Church and Chapel tomorrow prayers will be offered for the Victory of our soldiers, and a collection made for the relief and comfort of our sick and wounded at the front.

BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY  
AND THE ORDER OF ST. JOHN,  
ROOM 99,  
83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.

forty-eight hours before being rescued by a French torpedo-destroyer.

The captain's boat overturned shortly after darkness had settled down, and the occupants thrown into the sea.

They managed, however, to scramble back on to the keel. Ten men perched on the top and assisted others to keep afloat.

Suddenly, however, the boat righted itself, but was full of water. The men got back into her and bailed the water out as best they could, but heavy seas swept over them and threatened to overwhelm them.

At daybreak a steamer was sighted, and they made unsuccessful efforts to attract attention.

### LAST FLINT KNAPPER OF HIS LINE.

The death yesterday of Mr. John Snare, one of the Brandon flint knappers, has brought to a close a family association with this prehistoric industry which had lasted for twelve generations.

The Field family first became connected with flint-knapping work in the Suffolk town early in the fourteenth century, and from that time onwards the business has passed from father to son.

Lord Ashton attained his seventy-third birthday yesterday.



Commander Frederick Levorton Harris, M.P., a new Privy Councillor, and his wife. ("Daily Mirror" and Lafayette).

## "CIPHER" PRAYER OF DEAD COLONEL.

Strange Inquest Story of Officer Who Slept on Floor.

### SOLVING OF LETTERS.

The story of prayers in cipher was told during the Westminster inquest yesterday on Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Greenwood, aged sixty, superintendent inspector of works was the staff of the Royal Engineers, who was found strangled in his room at the Horse Guards late on Monday night.

The jury returned a verdict of Suicide while temporarily insane.

William Patrick Ryan, of Ellersdale-road, Hampstead, said when he saw the colonel on Sunday evening he seemed physically in very bad health, but he was brighter than he had been for some time.

Witness said that shortly before Lieutenant-Colonel Greenwood was ordered to take up duty at the Horse Guards he bought a house with which he was subsequently much disappointed.

Witness produced a certificate found among deceased's papers, to the effect that in July, 1914, he suffered from neurasthenia.

The death of his son, Lieutenant Greenwood, in France in May depressed the colonel, said witness, and the interment of his youngest son in Ruhleben also seemed to affect his spirit. Colonel Russell, chief engineer of the London

## NEW YEAR GIFTS FOR EVERYBODY.

THE finest novelty that was ever invented is The "BRANDOGRAPH." The Inventor and Patentee is Mr. Henry Brandon, of the well-known firm of



Registered No. 370,190. Patent applied for. BRANDON AND CO., of 317, High Holborn, London, W.C.

"BRANDOGRAPHS" are rings with photographs taken direct on to the rings from any photograph or drawing you care to send. Mr. Brandon claims that all



Registered No. 370,190. Patent applied for. "BRANDOGRAPH" Rings will stand any test and will last a lifetime, as every photograph is below the surface of the metal, etched and filled with a patent enamel.

As a NEW YEAR GIFT to a friend you could not find anything more suitable than



Registered No. 370,190. Patent applied for. a "BRANDOGRAPH" Ring of yourself or your friend. All you have to do is to send the photograph, together with size of ring required, and in a day or two you will



Registered No. 370,190. Patent applied for. receive your "BRANDOGRAPH" Ring, and your photograph will be returned. Prices are as follows:—

In 18ct. gold shell, guaranteed to wear for 10 years 5s. 6d. each (post free).  
In 9ct. Hall-marked solid gold £1 5 0 (post free).  
In 18ct. Hall-marked solid gold £2 10 0 (post free).

Address all photographs, and orders, with remittance, to—

Messrs. BRANDON & CO., 317, High Holborn, London, W.C. Mark envelope in corner "Brandograph."

For size of ring cut a circle in a piece of paper to fit tightly over the knuckle.



# THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP



Lord Onslow.

particularly interested in the sixteen men of the Intelligence Corps who have been mentioned, and was very glad to see the Earl of Onslow's name among them.

## Rubbed Noses.

Lord Onslow, who, by the way, is not forty yet, has the unique distinction of being brother of a Maori chief. His younger brother was born in New Zealand when the late Lord Onslow was Governor of New Zealand, and the babe was made chief of the Ngatihuia tribe with the ceremony of rubbing of noses. Lord Onslow was almost better known as Viscount Cranley when he was in the Diplomatic Service.

## Can Talk Anything.

Like most of his family, Lord Onslow has the gift of tongues and can talk almost every known language. His Arabic is easy, I am told, and he is fluent in Russian, German, French, Italian and Spanish. No wonder he has been useful in the "Intelligence Corps," which is another way of describing that wonderful body of men who look after our interests by "secret service." The great stories of the war will come from this corps—but will not be told for many years.

## Mr. Henderson's Position.

From a good source I hear that the probabilities are in favour of Mr. Arthur Henderson remaining in the Cabinet. I believe that personally he is ready to fall into line, and there is no doubt that the big majority of the Parliamentary Labour Party would back him. But the question practically depends on next week's big conference, although people in a good position to judge advise me to depend on the Labour leader retaining his post.

## Labour Wire-Pullers.

Meanwhile, the organised but comparatively small anti-conscriptionist group are pulling every wire they can lay their hands on. But, as a Labour leader remarked to me yesterday, "They're the wrong people, for their results don't compare with their activity. Frankly, we don't like them, so they start off with a discount."

## David.

As you might imagine, Mr. Lloyd George has been playing a big part in this week's political history, and some politicians are putting a very large share of responsibility for events on his shoulders. I hear that next week may see some pointed criticisms on him in the House. And if he is moved to reply, look out for fireworks.

## Dramatic.

This is a charming study of Miss Hilda Moore, who is to appear in the first dramatic production of the new year, which will be staged by Sir George Alexander next Thurs-



Miss Hilda Moore.

day at the St. James's Theatre. It is a four-act comedy called "The Baskers," and Miss Hilda Moore plays Mrs. Radford—quite a heavy part, I'm told.

## The New Year.

A scrappy new year to us all! Not scraps of paper and peace, but a good, hard, decisive scrap that will end the whole business in victory.

## A New Year Maxim.

Don't make a nuisance of yourself in the next twelve months just because you know the recipe.

## The New Leaf.

Gladys: Of course, you are going to turn over a new leaf in the new year?

The Victim: Quite a number, I expect—in my cheque-book.

## What We Want.

New men for the new year.

## A Lucky Number?

Does Mr. Bottomley believe in the multiple of seven as a lucky number? For the first "All Road" steeplechasing meeting at Gatwick to-day he made no fewer than fourteen nominations, and I hear that the popular "vermillion and black" will be carried seven times during the afternoon.

## Lost Her Locks.

There are doubtless many people who are willing to make sacrifices for their art or work. This is the portrait of an actress who has made an extra heroic sacrifice on behalf of her profession. She is Miss Liane Tressie,



Miss Liane Tressie.

who is playing the principal boy in the Grand Theatre pantomime at Wolverhampton, "The Babes in the Wood." In her part she has to sing a military song, and as her mass of hair would not go inside the military cap she deliberately cut it off.

## Rash Romance on the Wire.

The latest thing in weddings is the telephone wedding. The man in khaki, who has been thinking things over somewhere at the front, gets leave unexpectedly, and directly on his arrival in town telephones the object of his affection—as they used to say in books—and in one case that I know of said: "I've four days' leave; let's get tied up at once!" And they did. The war is making us romantic again—and rash!

## Lady Paget's Unit.

I am glad to have late news of the safety and well-being of this famous unit. One of the members was recently able to send a letter—a half-sheet—bearing the glad tidings through the courtesy of an Austrian officer.

## A Busy Woman.

By which I mean Mrs. Louis Duveen, whom I met yesterday in Bond-street. She was walking with one of her boys—already taller than his tall mother. Mrs. Duveen is one of London's busiest women just now—interesting herself in one charitable work after another and always finding time to remain one of the smartest.

## Tax the Taxis.

"I adopted your suggestion not to tip taxi-cab drivers in the daytime by way of reprisal for their truculence at night," writes a correspondent. "I fancy that others of your readers had adopted your tip not to tip, because two drivers were very angry about my failure to give them the usual shilling for an eightpenny ride."

## Huns as Forgers.

Quite the most amazing thing of the war is the forgery of Mr. Boyd-Carpenter's name by the Huns. They have been publishing absolutely comical "interviews," which have apparently been fabricated by a Dutch journalist who was only seen by Mr. Boyd-Carpenter for a few minutes. Yet another illustration of the importance of being wary when dealing with "neutrals."

## Ducal Navy.

It's years since I saw Mr. Boyd-Carpenter; to be exact, six years ago, when he was telling Unionist organisers at Manchester how to defeat Mr. Lloyd George's Budget. It all seems like a century ago. Mr. Boyd-Carpenter has been everywhere and done everything. What I best like about his varied occupations is that he was for years private secretary to the Duke of Marlborough. When he was not a secretary he was working as a navy on the Manchester Ship Canal.

## Viola at the Vic.

Miss Lilian Baylis, who is "She Who Must Be Obeyed" at the Old Vic, Waterloo-road, and a very clever woman, tells me that the company will have as guest next week Miss Viola Tree, who will play Viola in their production of "Twelfth Night" on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. I have promised myself a visit, for I saw Miss Viola's Viola at His Majesty's and considered the part one of her best efforts.

## High Prices—High Times.

The two prime necessities of life are bread and water. Both are dear. Next week your thames loaf will cost you ninepence, and the Thames is rising every day.

## An Abiding Star.

I went to pay a visit to that clever little artist Vesta Tilley last night at the Victoria Palace. Her song, "The Army of to-day is all right," went with a swing; and Vesta Tilley said she had never had a better audience. When I looked at the alert, trim little figure and the humorous brown eyes that notice and are interested in everything, and remembered that the owner celebrated her golden wedding a little time ago, I had to ask, "What is the secret of eternal youth?" and she answered, "An abiding interest in people and things and congenial work."

## "Moonlight Maidens."

I thought Lady Diana Manners was the only "moonlight" beauty of note in town, but I have found two more with the ashen fair hair and pure white skin, so peculiar to "moonlight" maidens. One of them is the daughter of Mrs. Clifford Mills, the playwright, who is responsible for Sir George Alexander's new play; the other, little Mavis Yorke, at the Garrick, who has quite an ethereal look. This type of fairness has nothing to do with the flaxen or lint-white fairness. It stands alone, and the extreme fairness of skin and hair does not necessarily mean delicacy of constitution.

## What Does It Mean?

I often wonder if there is any psychic meaning to the strange little incidents that sometimes happen in a single day. The other day I heard the name of "Carr" three times on separate occasions, and I don't think I have ever met anyone of that name and spelling before.

## Three Carrs.

At the wedding of Captain Alick Mackenzie I met the Rev. Wilmot Carr, who performed the ceremony; a little later I was introduced to a lady whose name she laughingly spelt to me in case I should take it for the other well-known family, Ker; and late in the evening I was talking to Miss Dorma Leigh, who was saying how good it was of Mr. Carr, the Adelphi conductor, to accompany her to the Kennington Theatre to-morrow.

## An Old-Time Children's Party.

Children's parties are few and far between these holidays, as you know, but I hear that Lady Scott-Moncrieff has hit upon a delightful idea for amusing holiday children. A real old-fashioned new year's entertainment for children is to be held shortly at her house in Cheyne-walk, Chelsea. There will be a conjurer, a Punch and Judy show and last, but not least, a festival tea. The party has its practical side, too, for "grown-ups" may share the children's pleasures—if they contribute towards the Women's War Service Funds!

## A Musical Scamp.

Wolesley Charles, of "Nieely, Thanks," fame, looked in to say good-bye to me yesterday. He sails to-day for the shiny East, where he is taking his concert party, "The Scamps," on a year's tour through India, Siam, China and Japan. Wolesley Charles is one of the few really brilliant pianists who have turned to the lighter forms of entertainment. But he can move music-hall audiences with his perfect rendering of classic pieces when he likes.

Mr. Wolesley Charles.

## Acted Recruiting Sergeant.

He tells me that in order to get together his company he had to turn recruiting sergeant. Every one of the five male "Scamps" is a certified ineligible. When he was engaging the company he said to any suitable man, "I'll take you if the Army won't. Go down to Whitehall and enlist. If they won't have you come with me." The Army got nearly twenty recruits before Charles completed his company.

## War Permitting.

"The Scamps" were to have opened at Cairo, but the new regulations forbidding the entrance of European women into Egypt made that impossible, so the party begins to amuse Asia and Bombay on the 23rd of the month—war permitting.

## Eden Fashions.

We certainly seem to be a little behind-hand in the matter of fancy-dress costumes here. This is a description of one which was worn recently in New York by one of "the season's buds": "Her flesh-tinted gown is the sensation of the hour. The material is such an exact imitation of the real that it is difficult to determine the line of demarcation, and one is forever in doubt. The exceedingly décolleté bodice is supported on the shoulders by such frail straps of the same diaphanous material that one is in constant fear of a catastrophe. The skirt is very short, and transparent hose complete the ensemble." I am afraid we have nothing to compare with it over here.

## Time to Object.

He was newly-married and long-suffering, but when she insisted upon having Rover's monogram stamped on his dog biscuits he brutally insisted upon the necessity of economy in war time.

## Don't Like the Open Game.

A well-known Rugby international, writing home from the trenches, says the Germans seem to rely entirely on their "pack." "I don't know," he adds, "how they would go in the 'loose,' but it is certain that they don't seem to fancy the open game."

## The Popularity of the Tower.

How many Londoners pay a visit to the Tower in the course of the year? Very few, I imagine, and yet it is the first place of interest that our colonial cousins making their first visit "home" inquire for.

## A New Year's Fay.

This is a new portrait of Miss Fay Compton, who is engaged to play in the new musical production at the Empire, which will be called "Follow the Crowd." The title of this show



Miss Fay Compton.

has been altered once already, and it may be altered again. But at any rate Miss Compton's charm and cleverness remain unchangeable.

THE RAMBLER.



# NEW YEAR'S SALE OF REAL WITNEY BLANKETS DIRECT FROM WITNEY

**FREE** DELIGHTFUL LITTLE MINIATURE BLANKETS as PATTERNS of the "Direct from Witney" Blankets of the World-Famous Witney Blanket Co., Ltd., of Witney.

**BIG BARGAINS IN WORLD'S BEST BLANKETS.**

**Witney Blankets are protected by Law.**

FREE to your home, for you to view and feel, lovely little Miniature Blankets from Witney—the world-famous Blanket town. They are exact samples of the real Witney Blankets, direct from Witney, now offered in this New Year's Sale at big reductions in price.

Although there is a continual rise in the price of all raw materials and a remarkable shortage of Blankets in the Kingdom, "THE WITNEY BLANKET CO., LTD." are able to offer in this Sale the very finest Blankets.

The delightful Blanket creations of the famous town of WITNEY can be **VIEWED AND FELT IN YOUR OWN HOME** without any expense to you whatever.

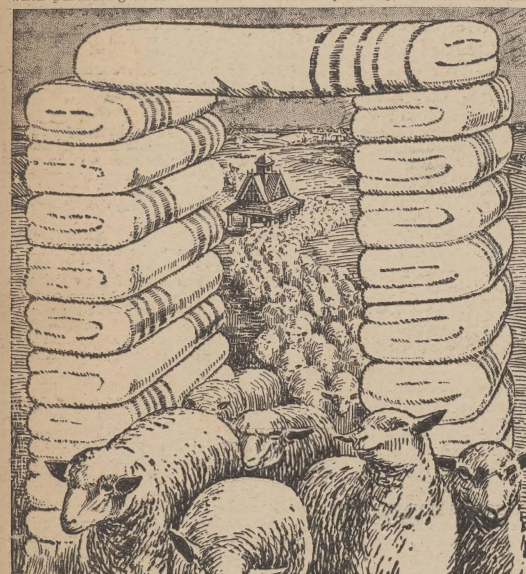
Blankets are a necessary and indispensable article in every home. Yet it pays to be careful when purchasing them.

stantial feeling which shows how much material actually enters into the composition of a "Witney" Blanket.

Yet withal there is a delicious lightness, which coincides with Nature's process of light waving as demonstrated in the sheep's coat with its beautiful fleeciness and fineness. Also as a sheep is kept remarkably warm, so real "Witney" Blankets have remarkable warmth-giving properties. "Witney" Blankets are in request in every country of the world. They are made from wonderfully fine wool; and manufacture, purity, strength and appearance are studied and worked for.

**LOVELY PATTERNS WHICH CHARM AND INTEREST.**

Readers would hardly credit the charm and interest which the Miniature Patterns give.



The Famous Eutter-Cross, Witney, is shown in the distance.

This is a few yards from The Witney Blanket Co.'s Warehouses. The women used to bring their butter to sell at the Butter-Cross on market days. Thousands of Real Witney Blankets are to be disposed of at big reductions in this New Year's Sale. Sent by Rail and Steamer to all parts.

**WITNEY BLANKETS ARE PROTECTED BY LAW.** WITNEY, as nearly everyone knows, is famous for Blankets, but unscrupulous persons have sometimes labelled as "Witney" Blankets not made there—hence the famous law case recently, when it was pronounced as illegal to sell as "Witney" Blankets any such article not actually made at Witney. This was a triumph indeed for "Witneys."

## LOW SALE PRICES.

To enable the public to easily become possessors of the Real Witney Productions, The Witney Blanket Co., Ltd., Witney, announce their Great "FREE VIEWING" Offer. This firm is proverbial for the high quality and value of its goods. By buying direct from Witney you get the real local product fresh at Witney prices. Real Witney Blankets, beautifully soft, downy and woolly, made and finished in the delightful country which surrounds Witney.

## NATURE'S WARMTH—WITNEY WARMTH.

In WITNEY Blankets there is a surprising softness, oftentimes a revelation to those who have hitherto imagined that they knew what a "Witney" Blanket was. Then there is a certain sub-

One lady writes: "Many thanks for lovely patterns, etc. I am a d d lovely!" and "How delightful!" are the ejaculations that probably every one uses when first opening the packet of Miniature Blankets, with their pretty borders in various colourings. These patterns are daintiness itself, yet exhibit all the splendid qualities of the "Witney" art.

## NOTHING BUT PROFIT AND PLEASURE

can result to you if you send to-day. You can see and feel Real Witney Blankets in Miniature form and can learn how to buy real "Witney" Blankets direct from Witney, at the New Year's Sale Bargain Prices. A bed well blanketed means warmth and health to the sleeper. Keep yourself comfortable and well, and let the little ones be delightfully warm these

winter nights, tucked away in downy, warmth-giving real Witney Blankets.

## FILL IN THIS COUPON

for Miniature Patterns and particulars of **BLANKETS STRAIGHT FROM WITNEY** To the **WITNEY BLANKET CO., LTD.,** Butter Cross Works, Witney, Oxfordshire.

Please send Miniature Blanket Patterns (which I am free to return within 4 days), The Witney Blanket Co. paying carriage both ways) and particulars of Blankets direct from Witney, together with the low prices offered in the New Year's Sale. "Daily Mirror," 1/1/16.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_



## PERSONAL.

VICTORIA, ALWAY.

HAIR permanently removed from face with electricity; ladies only—Florence Wood, 105, Regent-st., W.

\*The above advertisements are charged at the rate of eight words 4s. and 6d. per word afterwards. Trade advertiser in Personal column eight words 6s. 8d. and 10d. per word after; name and address of sender must also be sent.—Address, Advertisement Manager, "Daily Mirror," 25-29, Boulevard, London.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

MISSION of Hope—Young women in trouble relieved with kind motherly care; maternity hospitals, Epsom and Denmark Hill; residents, midwives, with medical attendance; terms moderate.—Write to Mission of Hope, 20, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.1.

FRENCH Frost, Feet Bites, Chills, Blisters—Dongor Anti-septic Cream prevents, circulates; 1s. 3d. per box. Sent free—Dongor Company, Bristol.

## DAILY BARGAINS.

Dress.

A BABY'S Long Clothes Set; 50 pieces, 21s.; everything necessary; wonderfully beautiful robes; very superior; perfect home finish work; extraordinary bargain; instant approval.—Mrs. W. Max, The Chase, Nottingham.

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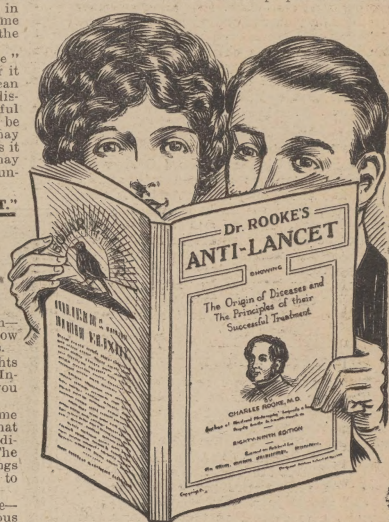
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# Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1916.

## FACTS, NOT PRINCIPLES!

A FEW days ago the *Paris Temps* devoted its leading article to a benevolent summary of the British military system, as far as our land armies have been concerned, since the beginning of the war. It paid a generous tribute—though not more generous than was due—to the splendid efforts of our volunteers, who have given thus “a most imposing proof of the ardent resolution, patriotism and courage” of our race. Then it spoke of the ever-increasing need for men in a war whose bounds pass the prefiguration, obviously of optimists, but also even of pessimists, regarding it. It spoke of the future of the Derby system. But it remarked also upon the “root repugnance felt by the British people to the system of conscription, in which they discern an attack upon the liberty of the individual.”

Do not our kind neighbours here a little misjudge us? Are we indeed such fools?

For it would be a piece of folly enough to make watching Europe despise the British people and the British race for ever, if, at such a time, we were consciously to admit a “principle” (or a prejudice) to stand in the way of a national need, and of facts that in war time control prejudices. But we profoundly believe that no such prejudice governs our race. On the contrary, the mass of us are overwhelmingly in favour of submission to the need; all peace time “repugnances” being thrown away like possibly precious, but now obviously irrelevant, things out of a boat in danger on deep seas.

Our people, after all the delays and *Governmental* “repugnances,” know that but one thing matters—an end, to win the war; the means, what will best help us to end it in our favour.

It would not be necessary to say anything so obvious were it not that two classes of principle-bound theorists have assisted our French friends to believe that a “repugnance” has thus led the British people to resist a necessity so long.

The first class—a small one—has indeed put personal liberty before the need and gone about practically asserting, under whatever verbal sophistications, that they had rather lose the war than win it by certain means—namely (as others well know) the only means that can win it.

These are, frankly, fools and can be neglected as such.

The second class is the class of pseudo-military critics who have made much money out of a gullible public by telling them there'd be no winter campaign or that the Germans were all dead. These two are now dead, like their Germans. But for months they did much harm by persuading the man in the street that the fact we have been speaking of was *not* a fact—that is, that the need for compulsion was no need at all.

Let us leave them and all other theorists, and attend to the hard but inevitable fact! Let us not be afraid to give up men and theories so long as we bow to the need. For it is fatuous irrelevance to talk of “individual liberty” at a time when, precisely, our race fights only to secure that for future generations; against a system where liberty is derided and the soul of man a mockery under the lash of the appalling Moloch of racial mania in Prussia.

W. M.

## OLD AND NEW YEAR.

New Year met me somewhat sad:

Old Year leaves me tired,

Stripped of favourite things I had

Benighted of much I had desired.

Yet farther on my road to-day

God willing, farther on my way.

New Year coming on apace

What have you to give me?

Bring you scotch, or bring you grace.

Face me with an honest face.

You shall not deceive me.

Be it good or ill, be it what you will.

It needs shall help me on my road.

My rugged way to heaven, please God.

## TOMMY AND THE FRENCH TONGUE.

### A TRAGI-COMEDY OF DUMB REGRETS IN OUR ARMY.

By W. G. FITZGERALD.

“NOTHER caffyoly, ma,” And Madame shrills out a torrent. “Aw, wee—not ‘art’! Pannybur. Now git!” The old lady shuffles off understanding, soon to reappear with fragrant steaming cup, a crisp roll and a golden pat. Now, this is all very well for “Tommy,” to whom life in village billets of France and Flanders is one long comedy—as when the hungry sergeant and his lads assail the wayside farm, rubbing tummies, flapping arms and crowing like mad roosters until eggs are produced with all the savoury concomitants.

Strange to say, our soldiers—the worst linguists in Europe—pride themselves mightily upon their ready grasp of foreign tongues. You should hear them “sling the bat” in Indian bazaars, unabashed and gay before all the gentlemen of

“Funny lingo, the French,” is “Tommy’s” verdict. “Luckily cigarette’s the same in both tongues. So’s souvenir an’ beer. Only keep off the French beer. You’d drink a golden louis worth an’ feel no effect—just swilly, p’taps. No elevation, no jolly longin’ ter sing an’ tease the village gals. I reckon their p’lice—jam-jars (gendarmes) they call ‘em—are raised as babes on small books. Makes ‘em awful sour!”

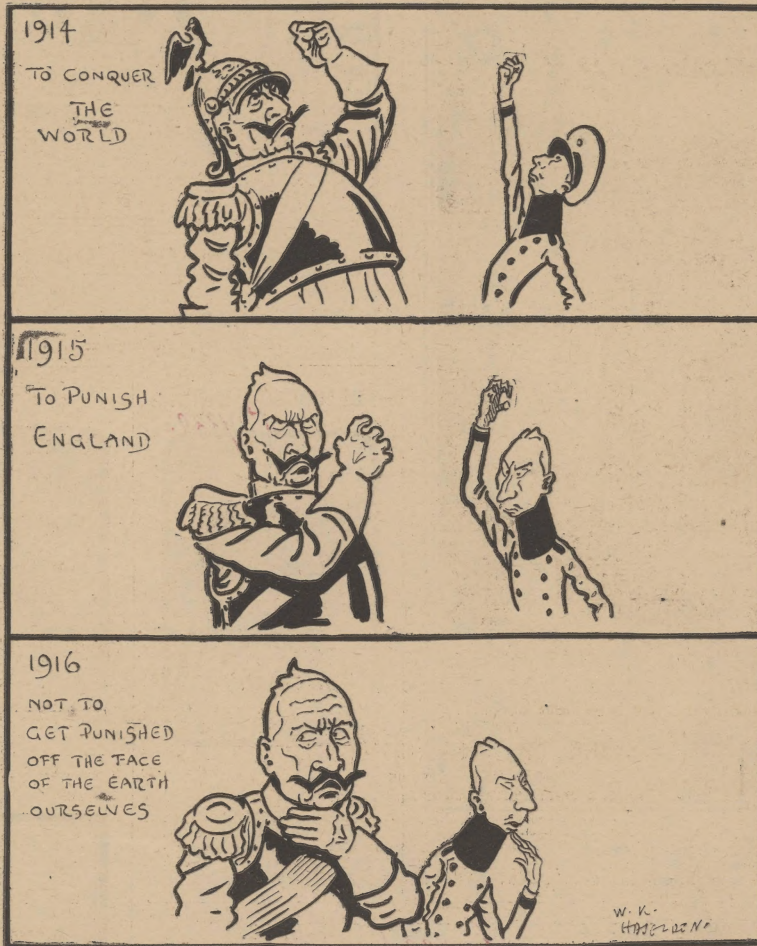
#### ENGLISH NO USE.

No wonder phrasebooks and pronouncing dictionaries bulk so largely in our soldiers’ parcels. For the handicap of language is a very real thing; that grateful thought, “English ‘ll take you anywhere,” is now known for empty comfort in an Allied nation with whom Britain is bound in close friendship against an utterly reckless and powerful foe.

The lingo may be a great joke for “Tommy,” conversing in signs with the armoured warriors of France, but it’s no joke at all for his officers, taking over a new and important line from the fine fighters of Foch and Catelneau.

Professionally, it is very awkward to depend upon interpreters; humiliating as well as em-

## THE WILLIES' NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.



They change each year that the war lasts. But clearly they become less violent and ambitious as the war years go on.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

Asia! “Tommy’s” letters home are full of French,” chuckled my chaplain-censor over tea at the club. “He’s instructing the whole family by every post, pitying a nation that says ‘maddamuzelle’ when it means ‘miss,’ and makes door and window feminine nouns.”

Armentières becomes Arm-in-tears, Hallebeast is Hell-and-Blast! The French have good wine and poor matches; such is Britain’s verdict in this strange land. Their lingo is best left to themselves. God made it for them alone, and it won’t export. Salt water seems to ruin the verb “aller” (to go). Its future tense is unrecognisable. It comes back to earth in the subjunctive—dodges here and there bewilderingly, till Job himself would want to curse it and die. There are verbs irregular as the first-line grub, and it’s a pity.

A studious sergeant hailed a cab outside the Gare du Nord and insulted the driver by hailing “Cochon” (pig), instead of “Cocher!” “I didn’t mean to roast you,” the offender said—of course, in full, round English—and the fuming, aggrieved one put things right with short change and a long “pourboire.”

barrassing to attend important war councils and hear swift outpouring of views and plans without being able to follow, at best, more than the mere drift of what goes on.

“If only I could talk! I felt and wanted to say!” How widespread is that regret to-day in our keen and democratic Army, when peer and peasant—Boyd Rochfort, V.C., and his brother, Private Thorowgood—crouch together in the same ditch, mingling their blood with the blood of France in our common glorious cause.

How our officers curse the Greek and Latin curricula of the public schools. “Living languages are the thing,” you hear young captains say. “Look at these Huns. Marvellous linguists, able to chivy poulu or Cockney in the dialect of the boulevard or Bethnal Green. French is the language of Europe. Every Turkish officer speaks it; every cultured Russian; all the Balkanists, too, and spies of all sorts and stripes.

Salonika gabbles French. It’s the lingua franca of the military calling and of all diplomacy to boot. Here! Give me Zola’s

## MARRIED AND SINGLE.

### WHAT THE WAR HAS SHOWN ABOUT TWO TYPES OF MEN.

#### SELFISHNESS?

HAS it occurred to anybody to ask: “Why have not the single men enlisted in sufficient numbers?”

Surely the old argument about the selfishness of the unmarried here receives new illumination.

Married men have certainly proved ready to play their part; doesn’t that mean simply that they have a bigger sense of responsibility than the single? Undoubtedly. I think that marriage must necessarily tend to make a man less selfish. It shows him that his own individual life is but part of a larger sequence. It teaches him—by force, if you like—to think of other people. He must think of them since he has to provide for them! Meanwhile the single man is accustomed much more to regard the world as invented especially for him. There are many exceptions. I am only indicating a tendency.

N. W.  
Strathay gardens,  
Hamstead.

#### MOTHER AND WIFE.

CERTAINLY men are more willing to leave their mothers after marriage here than in France.

In France a man’s mother is generally dearer to him than his wife. And in many, many cases even amongst quite poor folk arrangements are made whereby the old people live with the young ones until the end.

L. DE C.  
Cazenove-road,  
Stamford Hill.

#### “MEN WHO MARCH AWAY.”

LOOKING at it from a common-sense point of view, there can be no doubt that there are more mothers unfit to earn their own living than young wives. The very differences in age must tell us this.

Therefore, while the young married man can shelter himself behind his wife (and very nice, too, from his point of view), the single man must march away and leave his mother to the merries of a grateful country.

I was going to say Heaven help the son who has to do that, but it would be better for Heaven to help the mother, for otherwise she will assuredly starve.

POSTERON.

#### IN MY GARDEN.

DEC. 31.—There are several winter-flowering shrubs that are well worth having in the garden. One of the most welcome is the winter h o n eyesuckle (*Jonica fragrantissima*). This is a deciduous shrub of low, spreading growth.

During January the creamy white flowers appear, and, although these are by no means showy, their fragrance is delightful.

The winter honey-suckle is quite hardy, but it is wise to grow it in a sheltered sunny corner where the blossoms may open freely.

E. F. T.

“Débâcle” and a dictionary. To be without French in France when the Great War’s on is to be helpless as a nerve-shock case or a man with no arms.

All of which is true. And badly as we speak and write this supple and beautiful language, the French speaker and writer our own still worse. English is harder for the French than French is for us. But blood-brotherhood is working wondrous change, sweeping away misunderstanding, adding new grace and sympathy to our relations with this great artistic people.

“What thank you of my wine?” was scrawled in a note left in his empty chateau by an aristocrat Caporal du 43ème. “Leave me one bottle, I beg—that I may shake a glass to great England and sweet France on our victorious return!”

#### A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

—The only way to regenerate the world is to do the duty which lies nearest to us, and, to hunt after grand far-fetched ones for ourselves.—*Kingley.*



# NEW PARISIAN "HOOP."

P. 6112.7.



Miss Gina Palerme, the pretty French actress, wearing an entirely new "hoop" model of shadow lace over shell-pink chiffon, with a waistcoat of pink satin trimmed with pearls. The dress comes from Paris. Miss Palerme is appearing in "Bric-a-Brac" at the Palace.

# THE TSAR AND THE GRAND DUKE

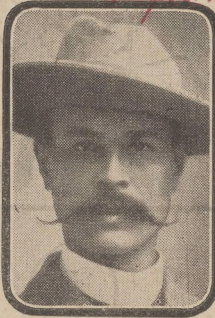
P. 150A



His Majesty, who has been constantly in the fighting area since the war began, is seen on the

## THE COCOS "KING."

P. 9220.



Mr. Sydney Clunies-Ross, who is the real "King" of the Cocos Islands, and not Mr. Andrew Clunies-Ross, who has just died. Sydney succeeded his father, Mr. George Clunies-Ross, who died about five years ago.

## SERVICE IN A WOOD



Temporary altars have been erected behind the firing

## FRESH AIR FOR WOUNDED.

P. 11916.



Open-air treatment at the hospital at Labanne. It was founded by Dr. de Page, who also founded the hospital at Brussels where the martyred Nurse Cavell worked.

## THE ONLY WAY THE GERMANS SWEEP THE SEAS.

P. 5234.



A huge German searchlight, manned by sailors, which has been brought down the quay, on which piles of sandbags have been erected.



# Y A VISIT TO A DESTROYED FORT.



ht. The Grand Duke Nicholas is the tall figure standing opposite the officer who is pointing.

## OLLOW NEAR SOISSONS.



air services are held regularly for the French troops.

## GREETING TO THE ANZACS.



Buxton, the Governor-General of South Africa, chatting with Anzacs are drawn up in line on the deck of a steamer. Lord Buxton became Governor in 1914.

## GOT HOME SAFE.



Maud Pace, of Tooting, who was about to follow her mother on to a tramway-car when a young woman offered to help her. The child then disappeared, but was returned to her home by an unknown person a day later.

## A "FRENCH" WEDDING.



Miss Olivia John, daughter of the late Major-General John, and Mr. J. R. L. French, eldest son of Sir John French, whose marriage will take place next month at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The bride-to-be is the Countess of Charlemont's adopted daughter.—(Val L'Estrange.)


## A RUN ON THE SOUP KITCHEN IN RUSSIA.



German soldiers crowd round the soup kitchen on the Russian front. Few of them will want to spend another winter in Russia.



**T**HE sender of the telegram below and the readers of the "Daily Mirror" are hereby informed that to-morrow's "Lloyd's News" will contain a **FULL PAGE** of the story of Emilienne Moreau, the Heroine of Loos, who underwent the terrors of nine months' bombardment, and performed many amazing deeds of bravery. Emilienne Moreau's experiences form one of the most vivid pictures of the war available to the public.

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**young girl's devotion ever written. Should**

**be lesson every woman this time of trial**

**Hope giving long account Sunday's Lloyd's**

**Thompson**

Office Stamp: **ST. E. C. 15**

In addition to Emilienne Moreau's great narrative and ALL the war and general news happenings up to Sunday morning, to-morrow's "Lloyd's News" will contain the following "specials" which you can only read in "Lloyd's":—

**"PREMONITIONS." By Harry Furniss.**

A collection of weird and mysterious warnings, written and illustrated by Harry Furniss. "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy," and the startling incidents cited by Mr. Furniss cannot be airily dismissed with scornful incredulity as "mere coincidences."

**"ON THE BRINK OF THE GRAVE." By Patrick MacGill.**

One of the fascinating studies in which "the Navy Poet" deals graphically with the daily life of our men at the front. Incidentally he tells a gruesome story of how he was nearly buried alive.

**"LONDON IN WARTIME." By Harold Begbie.**

By the magic of his pen he takes us into the quiet backwaters where the eddies of the strife touch the poor, the humble and the lonely, sweeping them into the great currents which leave untouched no single soul among London's teeming millions.



## GRIM FAREWELL TO "JOHNNIE TURK."

Australians Fire Great Mine, Killing 100 of Enemy—Music and Notes for Foe.

The following is a continuation of Mr. Ward Price's description of the Anzac withdrawal, the first part of which appeared in yesterday's *Daily Mirror*.

When the whole thing was over the last job that remained to be done ashore was to set light to the abandoned stores.

Volunteers did this by means of time fuses, which were only lit when the news was received by telephone: "Anzac all clear," for it was expected that the sight of the conflagration would at once open the Turks' eyes to what was going on and a furious, if futile, bombardment would immediately begin.

Things went off on that last night just as quietly as the schedule reads. The schedule proved to be a perfect working-out of a businesslike and smoothly-running programme.

Yet it will be easily believed that to people actually engaged the operation had a thrill which any account of it can hardly convey. Silence seemed to hang by a hair. An infantry attack was hardly thought likely.

### 60,000 TURKS IN RESERVE.

Normally there were only about 20,000 Turks in the first trenches in front of us at Suvla and Anzac, with 60,000 close up in reserve, and they were thoroughly anxious to avoid a fight if it were possible.

One deserter came in last week who, it seemed, had surrendered in disgust at the apathy of his countrymen.

"Attack?" he said in reply to a question whether his side were likely to take the offensive. "It's as much as the officers can do to get the men into the trenches."

In fact, our generals would rather have welcomed an infantry attack at the end. Our lines were so strong that we could have done great execution with machine-guns, and our ships would have had a great opportunity of

using heavy shrapnel, while our surprises that were in store for the Turks were many and ingenious.

All preparations which the Turks found awaiting their entry were not, however, of an explosive nature.

The Australians left many letters of kindest farewell, assuring "Johnnie Turk" in colloquial English that he is a good fellow and clean fighter and that the Australians hope to meet him again some day.

The crowning testimony of good feeling is the gramophone which was put in a conspicuous place in a trench on Walker's Ridge with its disc on and the needle ready to play "The Turkish Patrol."

From the shore one had a splendid view of five great fires springing up, as the store-dumps leapt into flames and soon blazed into one mighty bonfire, 200 yards long.

### THE LAST SHOT.

At 3.30 there had been a violent explosion from Anzac, with a sudden spurt of flame on the crest of the ridge. This was a giant mine exploded by the Australians 45ft. deep under the Turkish trenches as a final act of hostility, when the last Australian was about to leave the beach.

It was fired by electric contact from a distance and must have killed 100 Turks, it is thought. When the sun rose the Turks began their strangely erratic bombardment, first dropping shells into the heart of the bonfire at Suvla, and then at the battleship which had been pounding the piers.

To sum up, the withdrawal was the greatest thing of its kind that the British Army has ever attempted, and it was exceedingly well done by both the Army and the Navy.

To General Birdwood, commanding the Dardanelles Army, congratulations have already come by wire from the King.

G. WARD PRICE.

## You Can Solve the Domestic Servant Problem

if your requirements are reasonable, if the wages you offer are adequate, and

if you make your wants known

through the Advertisement Columns of

## The Times.

### How Others Have Solved the Problem.

It is permitted to reproduce the following recent experiences of mistresses who have advertised in *The Times*. The letters were addressed to the Lady Expert, who drafted the advertisements:—

Pinecroft, Graffham, Sussex, November 24, 1915.

"THE TIMES" Lady Expert. As the result of my recent advertisement in "The Times" I secured a suitable House-Parlourmaid for the country within a couple of days. I consider this a very prompt and effective method of obtaining domestic servants.

Yours faithfully, (Signed) JESSICA SOLOMON.

60, Inverness-terrace, Bayswater, W., December, 1915.

"THE TIMES" Lady Expert. As the result of my advertisement in "The Times" I have had several replies, and have obtained a satisfactory House-Parlourmaid with a very good reference.

Yours faithfully, (Signed) M. E. LAINE

64, Upper Berkeley-street, Portman-square, W., November 26, 1915.

"THE TIMES" Lady Expert. Mrs. Macdonald Brown has much pleasure in stating that she has been extremely satisfied with the results of the advertisement for House-Parlourmaid which she inserted in "The Times."

69, Maybury Mansions, New Cavendish-street, W., December 3, 1915.

"THE TIMES" Lady Expert. I am glad to say my advertisement in "The Times" has brought me very good results, and I have engaged a General who seems satisfactory.

I think your system is splendid, and will recommend it to my friends.

(Signed) L. FIELD.

40, Russell-square, W.C., November 29, 1915.

"THE TIMES" Lady Expert. Having obtained a Housemaid, through your help in advertising in "The Times," I am writing to say that we think it a satisfactory method of hearing of servants, as we found a maid to suit us in four days.

Faithfully yours, (Signed) CAROLINE D. NEWMAN.

The following appeared in the 6th October issue of "The Times," and speaks for itself:—

"Box L.474 has had 500 replies to her advertisement in 'The Times' for Lady Companion."

## Three Ways of Sending an Advertisement.

### (1) THROUGH OUR BUREAUX.

To advise upon and assist in drafting announcements of Servants Wanted, a Lady Expert appointed by *The Times* is in attendance from 10 to 6 o'clock daily, at the undermentioned addresses; and for the convenience of ladies, facilities have also been provided in these establishments whereby servants replying to their advertisements in *The Times* may be interviewed by arrangement. The addresses are as follows:—

THE TIMES BOOK CLUB, 380, Oxford-street, W.  
JOHN BARKER AND CO., LTD., Kensington High-street (adjoining Restaurant, 3rd floor).  
HARVEY NICHOLS AND CO., LTD., Knightsbridge (Louis XVI. Restaurant, 3rd floor).

Address your communications to, or, when calling, ask for The Times Servant Expert.

### (2) BY TELEPHONE.

Servants Wanted advertisements may also be telephoned direct to "The Times" (Holborn 3171).

### (3) Or by SENDING IN THIS FORM.

#### SMALL ADVERTISEMENT ORDER FORM.

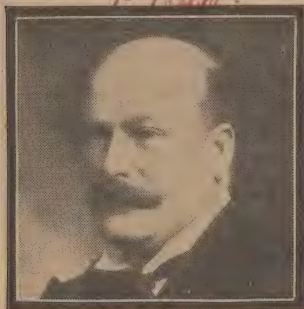
HOUSEHOLD SERVANTS WANTED, 30 words or less, 2s. 6d., and 8d. per line (8 words) afterwards.

HOUSEHOLD SERVANTS DISENGAGED, 1s. per announcement of 16 words (2 lines) and 6d. per line afterwards.


Please publish the above advertisement.....times, for which I enclose s. d.

Name and Address.....

The Name and Address are to be paid for. If desired, replies may be addressed to Box Numbers at The Times, London, E.C., this address counting as four words. This form should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, The Times, Printing House Square, London, E.C.



Mr. Milson Rees, F.R.C.S., the distinguished laryngologist, new knight.



Sir Thomas George Shaughnessy, K.C.V.O., one of the new barons.

## TIME FOR TRUE ECONOMY.

Careful Housewives Seize Their Opportunities in the Winter Sales.

This is the housewife's festival, the time of sales for which she has been preparing a whole year long.

With careful foresight she has noted down each want and breakage and refrained from replacing such needs until the mid-winter sales should come with their opportunity of low prices.

Stations are crowded every morning and evening with women of all ages and all classes who have come up on their annual pilgrimage from country homes to visit the big London sales.

All around, as you walk through the shops gleaming with snowy linens, polished glass, and coloured china, the talk is of home and household matters.

Women busily ticking off lists of sheets wanted and china to be matched will discuss with one another true and false economy as applied to households.

All are agreed that it is false economy that does no purchasing when bargains are offered; that never have they known a year when so much was to be obtained for so little.

One woman avowed (as she clutched a perfect mountain of parcels) that to wait until things are actually worn out before replacing them is the most short-sighted economy she knew.

The restaurants and county clubs are full to the very doors with country visitors "up for the sales" meeting their London friends.

All meals are, however, hurried affairs, for the heart of the true housewife is in the shops rather than in social intercourse at this, to her, the most important time of the year.

## FINED FOR DISAFFECTION SPEECH.

Thomas Morgan, a wharfinger's clerk, was at Newport yesterday ordered to pay five guineas on a charge of uttering words in a public-house likely to cause disaffection and interfere with recruiting.

## WARTIME READING.

The Classic Novel More Popular Now Than It Has Been for Years.

Publishers and booksellers consider that the year just dead might have been worse.

When war broke out the world of books and authorship tottered, authors went off to the front in scores, publishers contemplated immediate bankruptcy and booksellers went out to look for the shutters.

But the great world that reads books, curiously enough, continued to read.

So the publishers and the booksellers and those authors who remained behind plucked up courage and began again, but on modified lines.

According to the annual analysis of the "Publishers' Circular," 1915 produced only 800 odd books less than the previous year, and can claim the very fair total of 10,665 new books or new editions.

Booksellers admit that the dark nights of this winter have caused an increase in reading, but people, it seems, are seeking rest from war worries not in new books but in old favourites. The classic novel is more popular than it has been for years—perhaps for generations.

Dickens is booming; three people out of five one needs have re-read "Pickwick" since the war began.

"Vanity Fair" has enjoyed a return to favour on account of its Waterloo chapters.

Sixpenny and sevenpenny novels by the ten thousand have been sent by friends at home to the men in the trenches.

## MYSTERY OF A SEA TRAGEDY.

Three bodies and three ship's boats were been washed ashore in the Orkneys, the men apparently being Englishmen.

The stems of all three boats are so broken that it is impossible to ascertain the name of the lost vessel.



# New Year Number of the SUNDAY PICTORIAL

## VICTORY VERSUS VOTES



By  
**HORATIO  
BOTTOMLEY**

## COMPULSION— A BLOW FOR THE GERMANS



By  
**AUSTIN  
HARRISON**

## SHOULD THE CLERGY GO?



By  
**MAX  
PEMBERTON**

## A NEW YEAR POEM

Specially written for  
the 'Sunday Pictorial'



By Lieut.  
**HERBERT  
ASQUITH**

Pages of Wonderful  
Photographs.

# SUNDAY PICTORIAL

Out tomorrow

Packing New Year gifts for the soldiers at the front. The photograph was taken in Berlin.

## "THE IRON-HEARTED."

Public Trustee Who "Will Not Yield  
to Words of Tempter."

OFFICE EARNS £75,000 A YEAR.

"The Public Trustee is iron-hearted, and will not yield to the flattering words of the Tempter."

Such was a phrase used by Lord Halsbury, who, in the absence of the Lord Chancellor, opened the commodious new offices of the Public Trustee in Kingsway yesterday.

A large number of people accepted invitations to be present at the ceremony and they were received by the Public Trustee, Mr. C. J. Stewart.

Lord Halsbury said that the establishment of the office of Public Trustee cost £5,000. Since then it had repaid this, and had now a comfortable income of £75,000 a year.

That said a good deal for it as a commercial speculation. But there was a more pathetic side to it. From time to time when he occupied a judicial position it came to his notice that a great many people were defrauded by their trustees.

The idea of a Public Trustee was not a new one, but it had never been forcibly put forward. A great many people thought it was a great scandal that such a state of things could continue. It was not necessarily an easy thing to determine, because it was not always fraud by which people were deluded.

Lord Muir Mackenzie referred to the number of women employed in the building, and said that while it was ridiculous not to recognise the essential difference between the sexes, it was equally fatuous where there was no difference not to employ both sexes on the same work and in the same circumstances. The war had enforced the truth of that view.

Mr. Stewart said that he thought the fact that there was no compulsion on people to go to the Public Trustee's office had much to do with its success.

## SIR J. FRENCH VISITS WOUNDED.

Taking advantage of the few days' interval before assuming his duties as Commander-in-Chief of the Home Forces, Sir John French is visiting a number of metropolitan hospitals in which wounded officers and men are under treatment.

On the occasion of all these visits Sir John is taking the opportunity of expressing his personal gratitude to officers and men for the individual parts they have played in the campaign.

## A BLACK SPOT IN LILLE.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 31.—The *Frankfurter Zeitung* states that the Germans inaugurated a new theatre at Lille yesterday, Prince Rupprecht and his staff being present.

German classical plays were performed before an audience of soldiers and German nurses. Not one French subject was present, despite German efforts to induce them to attend.—Exchange.

## TO-DAY'S FOOTBALL MATCHES.

THE LEAGUE.—Lancashire Section: Blackpool v. Manchester City, Burny v. Burnley, Liverpool v. Preston North End, Manchester United v. Stoke, Oldham Athletic v. Everton, Rochdale v. Stockport County, Southport Central v. Bolton Wanderers.

THE LEAGUE.—Midland Section: Barnley v. Sheffield Wednesday, Bradford City v. Grimsby Town, Huddersfield Town v. Lincoln City, Hull City v. Leeds City, Leicester Fosse v. Derby County, Notts Forest v. Bradford, Sheffield United v. Notts County.

LONDON COMBINATION.—Watford v. Brentford, Clapton Orient v. West Ham United, Fulham v. Tottenham Hotspur, Queen's Park Rangers v. Crystal Palace, Millwall v. The Arsenal, Croydon Common v. Chelsea.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.—Dundee v. Aberdeen, Greenock Morton v. Airdrieonians, Queen's Park v. Ayr United, Celtic v. Glasgow Rangers, Raikirk v. Clyde, Raith Rovers v. Dumbarton, Motherwell v. Hamilton Academicals, Kilmarnock v. Dundee United, Third Lanark v. Third Lanark.

SOUTH-WESTERN COMBINATION.—Bristol City v. Newton Compton.

CLUB MATCHES.—Cardiff City v. Southampton, Reading v. Bristol Rovers, Northampton v. Northants Yeomanry.

## NORTHERN UNION.

YORKSHIRE SECTION.—Huddersfield, Batley, Halifax v. Leeds, Dewsbury v. Huddersfield, Featherstone v. York, Bradford v. Rochdale Hornets, Hull v. Oldham.

LANCASHIRE SECTION.—Swinton v. Bradford, Barrow v. Wigan, St. Helens Recreation v. St. Helens.

## 'CHASING STARTS TO-DAY.

Fine Programme for First "All-Road" Meeting at Gatwick.

The steeplechasing season under war conditions starts at Gatwick this afternoon, and it is not too much to say that upon the success of this first meeting depends the future of the sport for the winter months.

A resumption of racing has been allowed on the understanding that no additional burden shall be put upon the railways, and visitors are asked to bear in mind the importance of loyally observing the requirements of the Government by travelling by road to the meeting.

An extremely attractive programme has been arranged, and as the entries average over twenty-six per race there will be no lack of runners. Selections are appended:—

12.0.—MENLO. 145.—WHITTAKER'S BEST.  
1.0.—Lynch Pin. 240.—PRINCE FRANCIS.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.  
LYNCH PIN and MOFAT.

BOUVIERIE.

## GATWICK PROGRAMME.

12.0.—HORLEY SELLING HURDLE, 50 sovs; 2m.  
aMint Master ..... 11 10  
aBibbitt ..... 11 10  
aMenlo ..... 11 10  
aDuke of Rippon ..... 11 10  
aBlind Hooter ..... 11 10  
aSubmit ..... 11 10  
aMogador ..... 11 10  
aSt. Alphons ..... 11 10  
aJack Pot ..... 11 10  
aQueen's Man ..... 11 10  
aFlowerway ..... 11 10  
aResponsible ..... 11 10  
aSineaton Lady ..... 11 10

12.30.—HEATHFIELD SELLING CHASE, 50 sovs; 2m.  
aGlenaville ..... 11 12  
aAlas Ormes ..... 11 12  
aLynch Pin ..... 11 12  
aMiddle March ..... 11 12  
aLittle Brother ..... 11 12

1.0.—MAIDEN HURDLE RACE, 50 sovs; 2m.  
aMofat ..... 11 10  
aGlenaville ..... 11 10  
aGrey Barbarian ..... 11 10  
aHerrington ..... 11 10  
aEarly Hope ..... 11 10  
aSineaton ..... 11 10  
aOssian Hunt ..... 11 10  
aEastwick ..... 11 10  
aScreamer ..... 11 10  
aUncle Jim ..... 11 10  
aPilgrim Father ..... 11 10  
aSineaton ..... 11 10  
aSineaton ..... 11 10  
aCaine ..... 11 10

1.45.—'PUITLEY' CHASE (11cp), 100 sovs; 2m.  
aBernstein ..... 11 12  
aSentitive Symon ..... 11 12  
aCottage Maiden ..... 11 12  
aAlfred Noble ..... 11 12  
aVanguard ..... 11 12  
aGowling ..... 11 12  
aLinacore ..... 11 12  
aCousin ..... 11 12  
aGarrigue ..... 11 12  
aChas ..... 11 12  
aRoy Barker ..... 11 12

2.15.—REIGATE HCAP HURDLE, 100 sovs; 2m.  
aLord Ninian ..... 11 12  
aCaton ..... 11 12  
aToller ..... 11 12  
aLonderry ..... 11 12  
aGallia ..... 11 12  
aMenlo ..... 11 12  
aEager Simon ..... 11 12  
aScarles Bolton ..... 11 12  
aSiberian ..... 11 12  
aEarly Hope ..... 11 12  
aDan Danube ..... 11 12  
aDrumlanrig ..... 11 12  
aSineaton Lady ..... 11 12  
aPrince Francis ..... 11 12  
aChas Vaux ..... 11 12  
aKilman ..... 11 12

2.40.—CLAWLEY HCAP, 50 sovs; 3m.  
aCorvair II ..... 11 12  
aLord Ninian ..... 11 12  
aHickley Bay ..... 11 12  
aMaid Maria ..... 11 12  
aBlockade Runner ..... 11 12  
aDennis Auburn ..... 11 12  
aPrince Francis ..... 11 12  
aDipper's Hill ..... 11 12  
aCorvair's Frie ..... 11 12

In a Rugby match at Queen's Club yesterday the Artists' Rifles (O.F.O.) beat the Public Schools XV. by 25 points to 3. Rifleman Duke Lynch meets Private F. Baker in a ten round contest at the Ring this afternoon. On the night Dido Gains and George Clark will box twenty rounds.

# EAT MORE TUROG and LESS of costly foods

PLAIN common-sense demands the careful choosing of food nowadays. Choose Turog Bread and you gain health and save money at the same time.

Of all the foods that Nature has provided, none has such real body-building powers as wheat. And Turog is all of the wheat that is fit to eat.

Every particle of Turog is NUTRIMENT. Every penny you spend on it gives you full value. No waste.

Be thrifty by the choice of your bread: tell your baker you MUST have

**TUROG**  
Bread of Health  
"All of the Wheat that is fit to eat."

Guaranteed absolutely pure and unadulterated by the Turog Brown Flour Co. Ltd., Cardiff.

## LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADDELPHI. A New Musical Play. TINA. Today, at 2 and 8. Mats. Weds. and Sat., at 2. GODFREY TEARFUL. DAME DE BEIRY. Box-office, 10 to 10. Tels. 2645, 8886 Ger.

AMBAZADORS.—2nd Edition "NOISE." Evgs. 8.30. Mats. Weds. Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30. Regent 250.

APOLLO.—OSCAR ASCHÉ and LILY BRAYTON in THE SPANISH DOLL. TO-DAY, 2.30 and 8.15. Matines, Mons. Weds. Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30.

COMEDY.—Solo Lessee and Manager, Arthur Chudleigh. TWICE DAILY, 4 and 8.30. The Successful Revue, "SHELL OUT," by Albert de Courville and Wal Pink. GOLF LINKS and strong Tel. Ger. 5728.

COURT, STONE.—DAILY, at 2 and 8. A MIDWINTER NIGHT'S DREAM. DAILY, at 2 and 8. CRITERION. A LITTLE BIT OF FLUFF. Today, 2.30 and 8.30. Mats. Weds. Thurs. Sat., 2.30. DAILY.—The George Edwards Production. BETTY. TO-DAY, 2 and 8. Mats. Weds. Thurs. Sat., 2.30.

DRURY LANE.—TWICE DAILY, at 1 and 7. George Graves, Will Evans, Flossie Smithson. Box-office, 10 to 10. Tel. 2589 Gerrard.

DUKE OF YORKS.—Xmas Season. MATINEES ONLY. TO-DAY and Daily, at 2.15. ALICE IN WONDERLAND. Corr. 314.

EVENINGS ONLY. TO-NIGHT and Every Evening, at 8. COMEDY OF ERRORS and THE HOLE IN THE WALL. GAIETY.—8.30. Mats. Weds. Sat., 2.0. TO-NIGHT'S THE NIGHT. GEO. GLOSMITH and Gaiety City. GARRICK, Charing Cross Theatre. Mats. Sat., at 2.15. Evenings: Weds. Thurs. and Sat., at 7.

WHEATIE THE RAINBOW. Evgs. 8.15. MATS. YORKE. Will o' the Wisp. GLOBE.—Daily, 2.30. Evgs. Weds. Fri., Sat., 8.15. MISS NONA MANNEING in PEG O' MY HEART. HAYMARKET. At 2.30 and 8.15. WHO IS HE? MATINEES ONLY. Mats. Thurs. Sat., 2.30. HIS MAJESTY'S. Sir Herbert Tree's Production. TO-DAY and Every Day, 2.30.

Evening Performance Every Friday and Saturday, at 8.15. MAUOURNEEN, by Louis N. Parker. KINGSWAY. DAILY, at 2 and 8. Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday Evenings, at 8. LONDON OPERA HOUSE. CHARLEY'S Aunt. TWICE DAILY, 2.30 and 8. Prices, 1s. to 5s. LYCEUM PANTHOM.—TORINSON CRUISE. TWICE DAILY, at 1.30 and 7. Produced by WAITER and FREDK. MELBY. Mats. Thurs. Sat., 2.30. Children at Matines, 4s. to 6d. Box-office, 10.10. Ger. 7017-8.

LYRIC. Evgs. 2.30 and 8.15. MORIS KEANE in ROMANCE. TO-NIGHT and Every Day, 2.30.

OPERA SEASON at SHAFESBURY THEATRE.—Today, at 2. CAVALIERIA RUSTICANA and PAGLIACCI. Tomorrow, at 2. PASTORAL and THE TROVATORE. PALADIUM.—Second Xmas Pantomime, CINDERELLA. HARRY WELDON, NORA DELANY. Over 100 Performers. MATINEES only EVERY DAY, at 2.15.

PLAYHOUSE. Today, at 2.30 and 8.30. "SABLES" and a New Revue, by HARRY GRAYTON. Matines, Weds. Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30.

Other Amusements on page 15.



# AN AN OF HIS WORD

By RUBY  
M. AYRES

## New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

**JEAN MILLARD**, an unusually good-looking girl of distinction, but very virginal.

**ROBIN O'NEIL**, Jean's guardian, aged about thirty-seven. He is the quiet, strong type of man.

**CAVIN DAWSON**, an easy-going young fellow with a small private income. He is easily led.

**THERE** is a dead silence in the breakfast room between Jean Millard and her aunt, Miss Lydia Fortescue. Jean has just heard that her aunt has written to her guardian, Robin O'Neil, and that he is coming over to look after her.

"Jean is furious," she says. "I won't stand it, I'll make him sorry that he ever decided to come home and look after me."

Jean stamps out of her bedroom. She is conscious of no feeling beyond anger and resentment.

Then she suddenly thinks of Gavin Dawson. Her heart gives a queer little jump. . . . He has been the one bright spot in her life.

Jean sees him and tells him what has happened. Gavin realises that he is losing her, and asks her to marry him.

Jean explains that in six months' time she will have control of her own money. It is also arranged that Gavin shall go up to London and get the special licence, and that Jean shall follow him next day.

Their secret is kept, and Gavin departs.

Jean travels up to London. At Euston there is a thick fog. She makes her way through a lot of people, and finds that there is no Gavin there.

After waiting a long time she catches at the arm of a tall figure standing by the door. She calls out. The man turns—it is not Gavin. It is an utter stranger.

The man, seeing how upset she is, offers what assistance he can.

When Jean has time to look at the stranger properly she finds that there is something in his face and manner which gives her confidence. Gradually she tells him all that has happened.

The stranger takes the situation very seriously. "I cannot leave you like this," he says. "I must help you. Let me give you my card."

Jean takes it. It is a card with a little stilled cry, for the name on it is Robin O'Neil.

She is furiously indignant when she hears that Robin knew what she was doing. He had been told. But being quite helpless, she finally agrees to go to the home of Robin's cousin, Mrs. Lillian Fisher, where she had originally been going.

In the meantime, Jean meets an old sweetheart, and finds out that she is the Mrs. Lillian Fisher to whom Jean was supposed to be going. Robin O'Neil learns that Jean is penniless, and that, unknown to her, Robin O'Neil has been keeping her.

He writes at once to Jean, telling her not to come up, as the wedding must be postponed for a little while. This letter Jean does not get. The next evening, when he is dining with Mrs. Fisher, the door opens, and in walks Robin O'Neil with Jean. The situation is a strained one.

Jean enters a new social world, and Gavin hardly recognises her when he sees her again. Jean finds out that he and Lillian Fisher were once engaged.

Jean and Robin do not get on at all well. When Jean writes a forgiving letter to Gavin, Robin intercepts it. She is furious, and in revenge goes to a baccarat party, where she wins £15. Robin hears of this.

Gavin has a strained interview with Robin, who refuses to let him be engaged to Jean. Subsequently Gavin is left a lot of money.

Jean is compelled to ask Robin for some more money. He refuses in order to stop her gambling. Jean immediately plays baccarat again, and loses £42 to a youth named Douglas Symons.

She decides to try her luck again in order to get the money back, and goes off to play at Mrs. Pansy Rutherford's. But instead of winning she loses a lot more.

O'Neil again refuses to help her, and Jean borrows a few pounds from Gavin. Again she loses, and is winning when suddenly she sees O'Neil coming forward. Her luck changes. At the end of the evening Symons behaves like a cad, and Jean strikes him in the face.

## THE NEXT MORNING.

**JEAN** woke in the morning with the feeling that something terrible had happened; her head was throbbing unbearably; she could hardly open her eyes. When the maid came to her room she said she would not get up. The girl looked faintly surprised. She knew how energetic Jean usually was. She asked sympathetically if her head ached.

"It's awful!" said Jean. There was a little quiver of self-pity in her voice. She turned her face from the light.

The maid fetched tea and some smelling-salts from Lillian's room.

Mrs. Fisher had sent her love, and said that Jean was to stay in bed all day, as she could not have her ill for the evening. Jean was only too glad. She gulped down the tea and lay down again with closed eyes.

She could think of nothing but what had happened last night. She could see nothing but the hateful expression of Douglas Symons's eyes when he had tried to kiss her. How mistaken she had been in him. She had believed he was just a merry, good-hearted sort of boy; and he was what?—she did not know. She only knew that she had never met anyone like him. She refused breakfast. She tried to sleep, but she was not hungry—that she only wanted to be let alone.

She tried to go to sleep again, but the pain in her head kept her awake; her face was burning; she wondered if she were going to be ill.

When at last she dropped off she dreamed that she was back again in the long room at the Symoneses, sitting at the head of the green-covered table dealing out cards—always dealing out cards.

Her hands and arms ached, but they would not let her stop; she had to go on—go on; and each moment the faces crowding round her grew more ugly and spiteful. She woke up shivering—glad to be awake, and after that she made no further attempt to sleep; she dreamed going through such a dream again.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)



Jean Millard.

When O'Neil called in the middle of the morning Lillian was alone in the drawing-room; he looked quickly round the room.

"She's not well; so I told her to stay in bed till this evening. It will be so tiresome if she crooks up to-day and spoils all my arrangements."

"She was all right last night; I brought her home, you know."

"From Symoneses—yes! Did she play?"

"She was playing when I got there."

"Losing?"

"No, winning."

"Oh—it's not that, then. I rather thought the headache might be an excuse and that something else was the matter."

O'Neil did not answer. He was thinking of Jean's face as he had seen it for a moment last night before she broke away from him and ran upstairs. It had haunted him all night with its quivering lips and fearful eyes; a hundred times he had asked himself what had been the matter? He had tried to recall what they had been talking about, but could only remember that it had been something to do with Mrs. Rutherford's bracelet. He was sure he had said nothing to upset Jean; he had been most careful to introduce no personal note into the conversation.

He paced up and down the room restlessly; Lillian looked up from her writing.

"Do sit down, Robin; you're like a lion in a cage at the Zoo."

He laughed and dropped into a chair by the fire. "You're coming to-night, of course?" she asked him.

"Yes. How many are you expecting, Lillian?"

"Only—only about six besides you, I think. I hate a crowd in the house, and one can always ask extra people in to make up at any time."

She swung round suddenly.

"Do you think Jean means to marry Gavin Dawson?" she asked.

There was a strained little note in her voice, something rather pathetic in her eyes. O'Neil answered with unwonted gentleness.

"My dear, how can I say? She doesn't make a confidant of me."

She laughed rather drearily.

"I thought perhaps you might have heard. Of course I shouldn't think about speaking to her about it myself."

"No." Lillian went on writing and O'Neil sat staring into the fire.

He had been asking himself the same question ever since he had heard about Dawson's unexpected windfall. He quite realised that his best weapon had been broken off short in his hand. The only real hold he had had over Jean had been through the money—his money, and not hers, as she had believed. Now he had lost even that. Dawson was as rich—perhaps richer—than he. It was an unkind freak of fate that had decreed it so.

And after to-day the fellow would be staying in the house. He frowned a little, remembering it.

He wished he knew what Jean meant to do, but he rather doubted if she knew herself as yet.

Just as he was leaving the house Douglas Symons drove up to the door. He looked fresh and smiling. He wore a flower in his coat.

"Miss Millard in?" he asked Robin.

"I believe so," O'Neil spoke rather curtly; he went on down the street.

Symons smiled to himself as he rang the bell. No doubt Jean had refused to see O'Neil, and the silly beggar was wild in consequence. Well, she would not refuse to see him, he was sure.

He was too conceited and confident to take seriously what had occurred last night. Thinking it over afterwards, he had decided that it had been extremely clever of her to hold him at bay with such realism. He was more keen—dash it all, that he was!—in consequence.

He was rather proud of the way she had treated him. He had always said she was different to every other girl he had ever known.

No doubt this morning she was sorry, and anxious to see him; and, even if she were not—well, he always had the means in his possession with which to force her hand.

He felt very dropped upon when he was told that Jean was not well and could not see him. He stood for a moment staring disconsolately at the stolid butler. After a moment he took a card from his pocket and scribbled something on it.

"You give that to Miss Millard," he said, "and say I shall see her to-night." He went away rather soberly.

Jean pretended to be asleep when the card was brought to her. She let it lie on the table until she was sure she was alone once more; then she put out her hand for it.

Symons! . . . She let it fall with a little

shudder of repulsion. How dare he call at the house after what had occurred last night.

She let it lie on the floor till late in the afternoon. She only picked it up, then, that the maid should find it there. It was then that she saw the pencilled words.

"I shall see you to-night."

So he was audacious enough to be coming to dinner, in spite of everything; she wondered if Lillian would write and tell him not to come if she asked her to do so! But that would mean angering him—and while she owed him all that money . . . she shivered at the thought.

She must pay him back somehow—she could not endure to go through another day and know herself under an obligation to him. She took extra pains with her toilet that night; her head ached and her eyes looked heavy, but she held her head high when she went down to the drawing-room.

## CAUGHT IN THE TOILS.

**SYMONS** was there and O'Neil, and one or two other people whom she did not know. Unconsciously she moved over to where O'Neil stood; there was something timorous in her manner. Symons came up to her at once.

"I hope you are better. I was awfully sorry to hear you were not well this morning."

"I am quite well, thank you." She had forced herself to answer him; she wondered if she looked the repugnance which she felt.

Symons was quite cheerful; nobody would ever have believed that he was the same man who had tried to kiss her last night. He was very attentive and courteous; he grinned de- lightfully when he found her as to take her in to dinner. Jean shot a swift glance at Robin O'Neil. She wondered what he would say if she went over to him and said:

"I want you to take me in instead; please do."

But even as she hesitated she saw him offer his arm to Pansy Rutherford, and the sudden impulse died.

Of course he wished to be with Pansy; no doubt he had asked Lillian to arrange it so; she laid the tips of her fingers on Symons' coat-sleeve.

As they crossed the hall to the dining-room: "You're not angry with me still?" he whispered under his breath. "Love! You were a little spiteful last night; but I like it! I like a woman with spirit—eh, what?"

"I'd rather not talk about it," said Jean frigidly.

The table was decorated with sprays of holly and mistletoe.

"A real old-fashioned Christmas—eh?" Symons whispered to her. "Are you going to hang up your stocking to-night, Jean?"

She noticed that he addressed her by her Christian name. She did not answer; she rose with a sigh of relief when Lillian gave the signal. She would have given anything had it been possible to escape to her own room, but she had to follow the train of bright frocks and chattering women to the drawing-room. Pansy invited her to sit beside her.

"I haven't had a word with you," she said. Her eyes searched Jean's feverish face. "Aren't you well?" she asked, not unkindly.

"Quite well," said Jean. She rushed on breathlessly. "About that money, Mrs. Rutherford. You shall have it to-night. I forgot to bring it down with me, but you shall have it to-night." She hardly knew what she was promising; she vaguely remembered that she must have won something at the Symoneses last night, but she could not remember what she had done with it. Anyway, it must have been quite a large sum, she was sure.

Pansy looked rather embarrassed. She flushed and averted her eyes.

"Thank you! Thanks awfully! I hope it hasn't inconvenienced you, but . . ." she began to explain all over again.

Jean escaped as soon as she could. She went over to the window and drew aside the blind. Behind her Lillian was talking about Gavin Dawson.

"Yes, he 'phoned at the last minute. He can't come till the morning. Important business he said. Oh, didn't you know he had come into a fortune?"

Jean listened vaguely. She was surprised to find that she had not missed Gavin. She wished now that he had been here. She felt desperately in need of a friend.

When the men came into the room she slipped away. She thought Symons was amongst them, but she met him in the hall.

He caught her hand eagerly.

"Were you coming to find me? I hoped you would, so I stayed behind purposely." Jean turned pale.

"I was trying to avoid you," she said, in a tense voice. "Kindly let me go."

His face grew ugly.

"I had enough of these heroics last night," he said curtly. "I want a straight talk with you, and the sooner the better. I've stood all I intend standing from you, my dear. Now—where can we talk and not be disturbed?"

"I don't want to talk to you. I've nothing to say."

He let her go.

"Very well, then I shall have to have five minutes with O'Neil, and tell him that you . . ." Jean caught her breath.

"You wouldn't dare—Oh, what are you made of?"

"Flesh and blood," he answered grinning. "And there's a limit to what flesh and blood can stand, I tell you. Now—are we going to have that little chat or not?"

(Continued on page 15.)

## THE ANNUAL WINTER SALE

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## PLAYING DANDINI.

P. 18416.



Miss Kitty Douglas, who is playing Dandini in "Cinderella" at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.

## SPORTSMEN KILLED.

P. 13700

P. 17689.



Flight-Lieutenant Victor Wilberforce, the well-known motorcyclist, killed at the front.



Captain A. M. Hendriks, unofficially reported killed. He was a prominent lawn tennis player.

## TO CELEBRATE COMMONWEALTH DAY.

G. 5618.



Anzacs buying wattle from a hawk at Victoria Station. To-day is Commonwealth day, and all the Australians in London will wear a sprig in their button-hole. They were delighted to find it on sale in London.

## KENNINGTON 'PANTO'

P. 6104 E.



Miss Mabel Graham, the soprano, who is appearing in "Cinderella" at the Kennington Theatre.

## IN THE WAR NEWS.

P. 2549.

P. 18918.



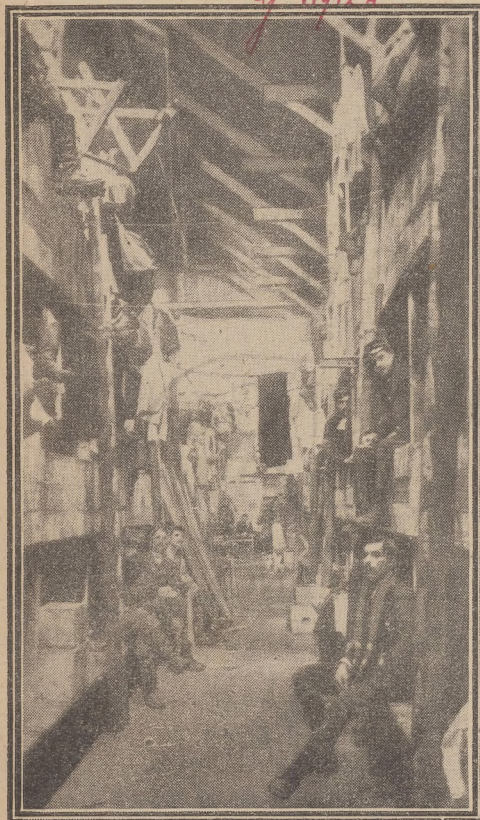
Lieutenant-General Sir E. Allenby, who has been promoted to the rank of temporary general.



Private J. A. Wilson, of Burton, killed. He had to undergo a serious operation before enlisting.

## BUNKS FOR WAR PRISONERS.

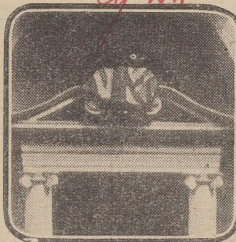
G. 11912 A.



French prisoners of war in their barracks in Bavaria. Note the bunks in which they sleep.

## EAGLE SMOTHERED.

G. 154.



The German bank in Hong Kong, showing the Eagle above the doorway covered with the Union Jack.

## THE "TWEENIE."

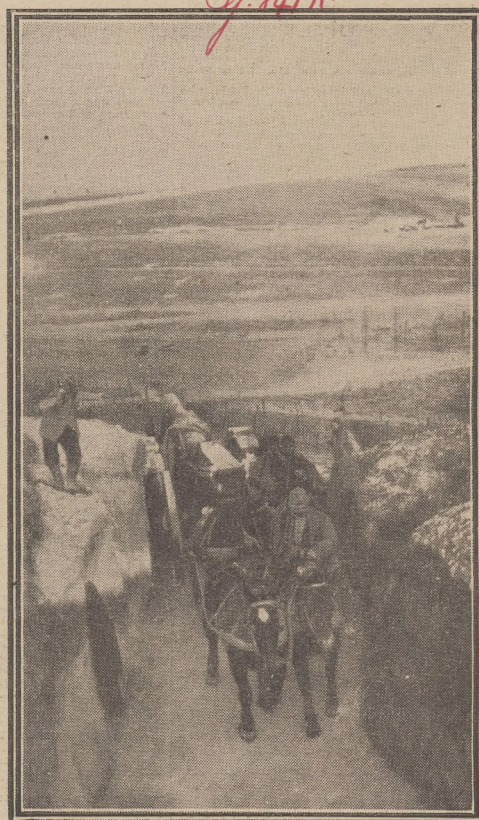
P. 12711.



Miss Jane Ayr as the Tweenie Maid in "Puss in Boots" at Drury Lane.

## "FRIEND" OF THE INFANTRY.

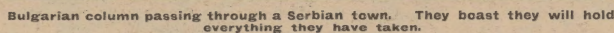
G. 8418.



French artillery passing through an uncompleted trench on the way to take up a new position.



"My New Year's resolution?" he echoed. "To help to beat the Germans, mate—that's all." And perhaps that was the best New Year's resolution of them all.



like you—I only ever liked you as an ordinary acquaintance. It was kind of you to take me out in your car—kind of you to lend me that money; but I ought not to have allowed it: I

There will be another fine instalment on Monday.

"Overseas Weekly Mirror," 23-29, Bouverie St.,  
London, E.C.

Send order, together with P.O., to The Manager,  
"Overseas Weekly Mirror," 23-29, Bouverie St.,  
London, E.C.

# RAEMAEKERS

All the News and Cable Resources  
of a Great Daily Newspaper



# New Year Poem by Lieutenant H. Asquith in "Sunday Pictorial"

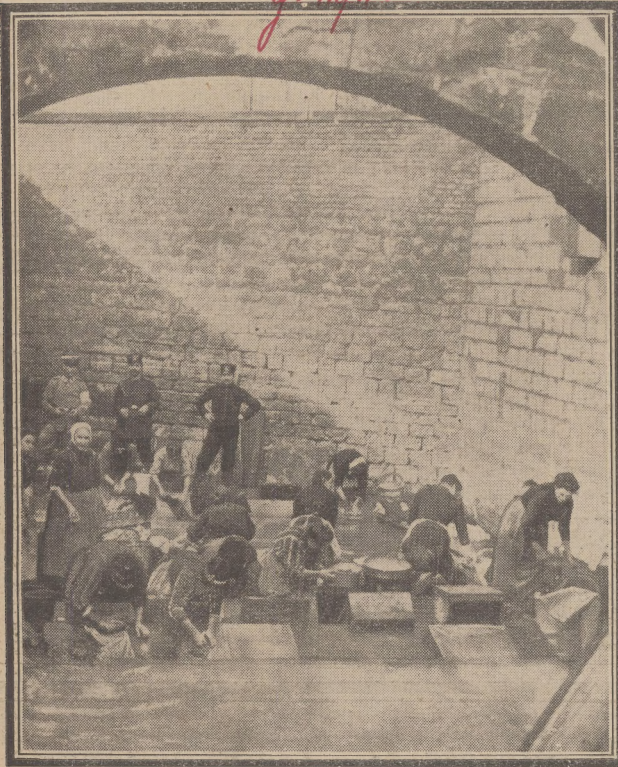
MR. AUSTIN HARRISON  
on "Compulsion": See  
the "Sunday Pictorial." : :

## The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

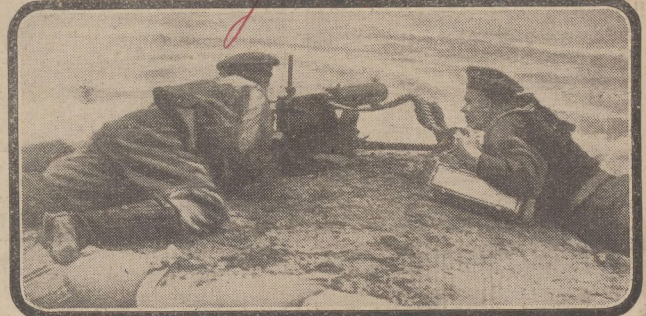
READ Mr. Bottomley on  
'Victory versus Votes' in  
To-morrow's 'Sunday Pictorial'

### WASHING CLOTHES FOR THE GERMANS.



French women washing clothes for the Huns, who are acting as supervisors. They are kept hard at work.

### WHAT ARE THEY TRYING TO HIT?



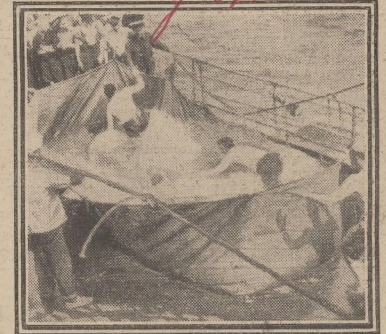
German sailors firing a machine-gun on the Belgian coast. They are so near the sea they might almost imagine that they were on board ship.

### A SAPPER AT 68.



Sapper Elijah Vaughan (Royal Engineers), who, though sixty-eight years, served four months at the front. He was an old soldier and enlisted as a tunneller.

### THE SAIL BATH ON DECK.



This is a very popular institution on board the British troopships.

### TWO SMART HATS



Women's hats are of moderate size now. This one is of wine-coloured velvet, its sole trimming being a white-headed pin.



A smart sporting hat of black velvet. The brim is turned up on the left side and fastened with a jet buckle.

### THEATRICALS AFLOAT: A BATTLE CRUISER'S COMPANY.



Officers and men of H.M.S. Queen Mary who formed themselves into a theatrical company at Christmas time. There is a lot of theatrical talent in the Fleet, and many ships gave successful performances.